National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

GOV. SEYMOUR SPEAKS.

[Extracts from a speech delivered at Utica, Nov. 6, by the newly elected Democratic Governor of New York.]

THE first great cause of our success, that which made the deep under-swell that bore us on to victory, *were the letters written by our soldiers from the battle-field*, imploring their fathers to put down a wild and bloody fanaticism. More clearly than others they see the errors which brought the present calamities upon our country. The joy which our success will give to Union-loving and patriotic hearts throughout the land will be most strongly felt among those who are fighting for our flag. We have not only given them new vigor, but we have weakened the rebellion against which they are combating. They now fight for the definite purpose of restoring our Union as it was and upholding the Constitution as it is. They are now relieved from depressing uncertainties as to the object of the contest, and of the feeling that they were engaged in a vague, blind and indefinite struggle to carry out the theories of visionary fanatics, or of being made the instruments to excite servile insurrections, or of being dragged into a revolting war against the lives of women and of children.

The results of the late elections will carry us back to the policy of our fathers. They will give renewed vigor to the principles of our Constitution. Amid all the confusion of this civil war, its solemnities, its bloodshed, its calamities, our people have by their ballots reaffirmed and reëstablished the Constitution of the United States, in all its vigor and in all its completeness. The war now takes a new phase. We hold up to the people of the South not only the penalties of disobedience, but the blessings and all the advantages of submission to that Constitution. Unyielding and exacting on the one hand in our obedience, we are scrupulous and just in giving every right to those who shall yield to the government made by our common fathers.

Let not our countrymen, let not the world mistake the meaning of our triumph. It is the beginning of a political revolution that will again place power in the hands of those who, until the last few years, were able to defeat the enemies of peace, of the Union, of the Constitution. This triumph removes the great obstacle in the way of the restoration of our Union. It teaches the loyal men of the South, who feared that they were unsafe within its limits, that the Conservative men of the North are able to put down fanatical agitators and meddling disturbers without the help of a single vote from a Southern State. The doctrine that there is a law higher than the Constitution, which justifies resistance to the statutes of the land, or to rightful authority, has been condemned. Our government has received new strength. *That seditious spirit which has prompted the Northern Governors to give a conditional obedience to the constitutional demands of government, has been rebuked.* Treasonable efforts to coerce the Executive into a line of policy opposed to his convictions of duty have been condemned by the public verdict.

Our armies will now be permitted to gain victories in the vicinity of our Capital, as they have heretofore won them in other fields of action. The National credit will be strengthened by greater economy and honesty in the conduct of affairs. It will also be strengthened, because we propose an object for this war that can be attained—the restoration of our Union. All other schemes, which looked to a bloody revolution, will be abandoned. We can now hope that we are to be saved from the disgrace of National bankruptcy on the one hand, or the still deeper dishonor and demoralization of National repudiation on the other.

THE BORDER STATES.

From The Louisville Journal.

CERTAIN it is that the general result of the elections is a conservative success of the grandest description. The Union and the Constitution have prevailed in the North most signally. Let us hope that they will ere long prevail as signally in the South. They must be made so to prevail. This is one important branch of the lesson of the peaceful victory now consummated in the North. The sword without equivocation or uncertainty will henceforth be wielded against the Southern rebels for the self-same end for which the ballot has been wielded against the Northern radicals, and, we confidently believe, with a favorable result not less decisive and not by any means remote.

In point of fact, as we conceive, this conservative victory in the North virtually solves one half of the national problem, the question as to the reëstablishment of the government in the revolting States, which we have been accustomed to reckon by far the most delicate and difficult half of the problem, leaving only the task of breaking up the military power of the rebellion, so that the people may be at liberty to return to their allegiance. This last is now in reality the chief task before us; and if the Administration but puts away decrees and proclamations and other substitutes for fighting, which only make more fighting necessary and all fighting ineffectual at last, and prosecutes the war vigorously by warlike means, this task will be performed speedily and well. Let the war henceforward be so prosecuted. The loyal people of the country have declared in stern and unmistakable language that such is their will. Let it be obeyed. The President in matters clearly transcending his constitutional authority has no moral or legal right to set at defiance the popular will clearly expressed. We are sure that President Lincoln has no disposition to do so.

THE ELECTIONS IN YANKEEDOM.

From The Richmond Dispatch, Nov. 10.

THEY (the Democrats) believe restoration still possible. In this respect they do not manifest their usual sagacity. They have the incredible folly to believe that there still lurks among the body of that people who have fought against the Union as men never fought before, a secret attachment to "the old flag," which is the most detested of all earthly symbols to the whole body of the Southern people. They do not reflect that while, to them, the condition which it is intended to represent has been productive of unalloyed blessings, it is associated in the Southern mind with images of commercial poverty and sectional oppression. To this imagined feeling of latent loyalty to the Union they are willing to appeal. They have no doubt that they will be successful. But first they must beat us into the humor for submission. They must make us know their strength.

They must teach us that they are our masters. They must kill a hundred or two thousand of our men. They must take Richmond. They must crush the rebellion. And then they will offer us terms, having first asserted the supremacy of the "American eagle," as they are facetiously wont to term the Yankee buzzard. They care, and pretend to care, nothing for the nigger. They will be willing, after having conquered us, to agree upon any terms, provided the Union be restored. They will consent to introduce slavery into every State in the Union provided this grand object be attained. If the Southern people will not agree to all this, as most assuredly they never will, then they are for carrying on the war to any extremity that would satisfy the most ultra of the Abolition party. They will never consent—let John Van Buren say what he may—to let the "wayward sisters" depart in peace.

It may be that a Democratic Congress might propose to the Southern States, as a condition of reëntering the Union, to legalize slavery everywhere, and this before proceeding further with the war. But even were the South disposed, under any circumstances, to reënter such a state of bondage, it must be borne in mind that the present Abolition Congress has still one year to run. In that time some of the most desperate battles the world ever heard of will have been fought, and the Yankees will already have conquered us or been expelled from our territory. So far, then, as the war is concerned, we shall gain nothing by the late Democratic victories, at least for the present. As in the case of expected intervention, we warn our people to trust to themselves, and to nobody and nothing else. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to find Old Abe thwarted in the dearest wishes of his heart.

TO CONSERVATIVE MEN.

From The Journal of Commerce.

LET conservative men understand that their work is not done. We have commenced the great work and it must go on. We advise practical work now for the Constitution and the Union. Keep up all your organizations. Hold frequent meetings. Invite lecturers and speakers to address public meetings on the Constitution. Teach the people correct political ideas. Open halls for such lectures through the Fall and Winter. Men of the highest ability will stand ready to accept your invitations and to address the people on the correct doctrines of American constitutional law and policy. Continue to circulate documents. Keep up your committees in every village and school-district. Raise small sums of money among yourselves, and send for documents like the pamphlet of Judge Curtis on Executive power, and the opinion of Judge Hall in the Benedict case, and others of the kind which will be furnished this Fall and Winter. Thousands who voted the Wadsworth ticket are to-day ready to take their stand with the conservative party, convinced that it is not only loyal, but that it is the only Constitution-loving and Union-saving party. Keep up your organizations for the sake of bringing these persons into them. Let the coming Autumn and Winter be devoted, by those who remain at home, to the study of the Constitution, to increasing love for it, to reading and teaching the principles of the fathers, and to the restoration of a healthy mind to all the people.

POOR OLD MASSACHUSETTS.

From The World.

THE Massachusetts Republicans are pretty good at figures. Capt. Sleeper, who was the only Democrat supposed to be elected from that State to Congress, has just been counted out, and Mr. Rice, the present member, declared reëlected. We are afraid Sleeper has been caught napping, as his reported majority was about 400; any way, the Republicans monopolize the arithmetical talent of the State, as this instance proves. So the old Bay State will present an unbroken abolition front in the coming as it does in the present Congress. Well, it is in the eternal fitness of things that it should be so. A community that almost went frantic and broke out into open revolt when a negro was deprived of his liberty under the operation of the laws, yet permitted innocent white men, guilty of no crime, to be imprisoned in defiance of all law without even a sign of disapprobation, is very properly represented in Congress by an unbroken phalanx of Abolitionists. Happy will it be for Massachusetts if history has no sterner rebuke for her conduct in this trying crisis of the nation than she has bestowed on the government for desecrating her noble harbor to the uses of tyranny. There is not even a memory of the fragrance of the revolutionary tea in the waves that now wash the stones of Fort Warren.

"DEMOCRATIC" GEMS.

[The following elegant extracts are from the proceedings of the Seymour Ratification Meeting held in the Park a few days previous to the recent State election, as reported by *The Herald*.]

CAPT. RYNDERS—You God d—d fools! keep quiet, won't you, and let us hear what he has to say.

THE HON. S. S. COX—He (Cox) would like to have been up there when old Brown arrived at the pearly gates. St. Peter was a good Democrat, and Brown would naturally come there with a pike in one hand and a rifle in the other. St. Peter would ask him, "Who are you?" "John Brown of Osawatomie, more lately of Harper's Ferry." "What have you got in your hands?" "I have got some instruments of war, to put in the hands of the blacks of Virginia, that they might strike against their masters and mistresses for their God-given rights of liberty." What would St. Peter say to him? He would say, "Beelzebub, take him under."

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He affirmed that in the passage of the Confiscation and other bills relative to the subject of slavery the Republicans, if they knew the provisions of the Constitution, committed willful and corrupt perjury before God in doing so.

* * * * * * *

When the last Congress met after prayers they ought to sing a hymn which was published in the Western papers, and which he would repeat:

"From Africa the negro came,
And, O Congress, bless his name;
Stand up, good Lovejoy, bless the day
The negro came from Africa.
He is the object of our love—
In him we live, in him we move;
For him we preach, for him we pray—
For him we meet, from day to day,
That colored cuss from Africa."

The bearers will please remove the remains while we sing the following hymn:

"With rapture, with delight you see
This wicked cuss removed."

* * * * * * *

CAPT. RYNDERS — When the Seventeenth Ward Club arrived, Capt. Rynders proposed three cheers for that Ward. Said the Captain, "We ought to give three cheers for them; they have made a great display; they are hell in harness."

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LUKE F. COZENS—He declared that this meeting proved that there were more traitors in New York than could be imprisoned (cheers). The people, he declared, should rise *en masse* and demand a change of measures, or give them a change of men.

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Let every one of them next Tuesday deposit his ballot for Horatio Seymour. Elect him, and they would elect a statesman, a Christian, a patriot, beloved and honored everywhere—South, by God! as well as North (cheers). They would have a statesman who would throw on the South a gleam of hope.

BLASPHEMY OF RADICALISM.

From The Journal of Commerce.

No better indication of the character of radicalism can be found than is given by those radical newspapers which profess to be religious papers, and yet devote themselves to the propagation of bad political doctrines, or by those clergymen who profess to be teachers of the pure and peaceable doctrines of the Prince of Peace, but who devote their labors in the Church and in pastoral visits, to the inculcation of the radical creed.

The Independent newspaper may be taken as the illustration of the first class, and its editor as the illustration of the second class.

The faith of the sincere Christian, the earnest believer in God's Word, forbids that any man should trifle with it, especially that any man should reduce it to the vile uses of common political brawling. Blasphemy is, in the mind of the Christian, one of the most heinous of sins, approaching indeed to that mystery which the Church speaks of as the "unpardonable sin." Yet blasphemy is the language of *The Independent*, and of its editor, the former uttering it in its columns, the latter in his pulpit, and palliating the offence because it is done in the interest of the radical cause at the polls.

In all the history of the walk of the Son of God with man, there is no more sublime and mysterious passage than that in which he is described as ascending a mountain of Galilee and assuming, in the presence of three chosen disciples, the features and the illumination of his Father's and his own divinity. * * * Yet this scene is used by *The Independent* newspaper in ridicule, and gives ghastly character to a pointless joke against Gen. McClellan, in the following shocking sentence:

"The terrible fight of Antietam and its half victory, through the fatal, hopeless and ineradicable timidity of McClellan (who is more pained to have one man shot than a thousand rot in the hospitals), who seemed so amazed that he had fought a battle without defeat, that *he regarded the heights of Sharpsburg as another Mount of Transfiguration, and besought the Administration that he might make 'three tabernacles there' for Winter quarters.*"

But, not content with this horrible profanity, at which the heart of every sincere Christian shudders, the *Reverend* Henry Ward Beecher, in his pulpit on Sunday, a week ago, urged his hearers to vote for Wadsworth, and with a refinement of blasphemy, desired them to "*cast their ballots toward the Throne of God!*"

We did not hear it, but as it has been reported in the sermon, and widely published without contradiction, we are compelled to believe the report, and accept this as a specimen of the religion of radicalism. We will not pause to speak of the solemn fact, that if any one dared to think the impious thought thus suggested, the impiety has been visited on him, and the ballot has fallen back from the presence of the Judge of all. But we may well pause in wonder before the audacity, the profanity of this political speech in a pulpit by an enthusiast. His sin is the sin that destroyed the sons of Aaron, kindling the coals in his censer with strange fire. It is no word of God that he preaches. This is no Divine Gospel that he teaches. This is no glad tidings to men that he spreads. It can have but one explanation or word of excuse, and that is, that the preacher is so accustomed to use "strong language" that it does not appear to his mind as shocking as it does to the religious community, and even to the irreligious man who venerates the word of God and remembers the Third Commandment. Certainly no man can attempt to defend the language. Some men are profane from habit, and the habit grows so fixed that they are unconscious of the sin. Let us trust that this reproof will be sufficient to direct the attention of the preacher and the editor to the grossness of the sin and the badness of the example.

Selections.

PUBLIC EDUCATORS.

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,
Sunday Morning, November 2, 1862.

Phonographically Reported by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

I WAS asked the other day, as I left these walls, why I sometimes preached at Music Hall. I shall try to give you part of an answer. Beginning a little back, "Words are things," as you well know. Symbols are often the very point about which the battle rages, and, for the time being, the most important. "There is more force in words," says Lowell, "than most men dream of, and a lie can keep its throne a whole age longer, if it may skulk behind the shield of some fair seeming name." Very many battles, very many disputes, have been about words—names; and the superficial looker-on thinks it was a paltry cause of dispute. The London *Times*, a year ago, could not see—with a very convenient blindness for that hour—why we should be so anxious to save the "stars and stripes," forgetting that on that symbol it hung whether we were a nation or a mob; a nation able and bound to do justice between man and man, or a mob met to plunder at night, and to scatter at cock-crowing. So in regard to the Church—the name "Church." Is this a Church? Am I to preach to you a sermon to-day? There are two kinds of churches, and two kinds of sermons; both admissible, both in themselves good, both serving a purpose; the only question is, which has the precedence? which honors and which belittles Christianity? which saves and which serves its time? There is a church, like a sheep-fold, nicely fenced thoroughly furnished, with a good pasture, where the sheep luxuriate on quiet hillsides, and crop herbage every day. There is another church, wholly different: it is a league of honest men against knaves. There are two kinds of sermons—one is a speech, the other is a battle; one is the ornamental parade [illegible] battle of Antietam or Pea Ridge. Now, both are useful. It is very useful for a man to go to a gymnasium, and day by day strengthen his muscle, until he can at last hold up a hundred pound dumb-bell; but it is more useful still, if, disciplined in the battle-field, he never knew he could lift a hundred pounds until he hurled it at some obstinate foe. One is a parade, the other a fight; one nurses the strength and life of the individual, the other remoulds the State and forms the Church. The one is devotional, self-exercising, the other aggressive. The one makes Christianity a nurse, the other a soldier. As I think, confinement to the one belittles Christianity, betrays her function, cripples her activity and her results. Most people set themselves to excuse this latter kind of Church and sermon, such as we have here. Reform was never sent into the world to defend itself. Waste no time in showing that you are right; spend no effort in explaining yourself; use every hour and every word in showing that the enemy is a sinner; and let your own righteousness take care of itself. Lose no time in defence or explanation. We are the Church, and everything that differs from us is heresy. We are the Christianity that the age needs, and so far as anything falls behind us, so far it belittles the name it assumes. So in the political struggle. The great waste of time, it seems to me, is in proving that we are, in this or the other thing, justifiable. Take it for granted. We are the Constitution and the patriots, everything else is treason. I do not stop to insist upon that point, because it is immaterial to what I am going to say, but only to prevent one supposition—that what I am speaking is a defense of this pulpit. It needs none. It summons every other pulpit in the land to its bar, tries it, and marks it thus and thus faithful, or thus and thus deficient. The reason is this: for thirty years—perhaps I might say for two hundred, but I am not going back so far—for thirty or forty years, there has been going on in this Commonwealth a struggle more or less marked, and which, as we look back upon it, we can distinctly trace and discriminate, though the actors might not see it at the moment. Nothing so hard to see as your own time. Emerson once said of Webster, "He knew the patriots of '76 well, but would not have known the patriots of his own day if he had met them in the street." But if you will look back thirty years, you will perceive two forces contending for possession of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, socially and politically. One was the timid, the conservative, the inherited; the other was the aggressive, the popular. One was wealth and family, which had domineered over Massachusetts ever since its colonial days; the other was ideas, represented by the people. All governments are the one or the other kind—wealth, blood, ideas. In an aristocracy, blood; in England, wealth. In both, a minority is the government. I never knew a government, in history or experience, where the minority did not govern. We are contending—and if you live a hundred years, you may reach the goal—we are contending to establish the government of the majority, which, among educated classes like ours, is the government of ideas. This struggle of thirty or forty years to which I refer has been an unconscious groping forward of the people, against wealth, against family, to take possession of the State, which belonged to them; and to-day we see a very large, though a partial success. But it has been going on for forty years—ever since I can remember. On one side, the champions were the *North American Review*, the *Daily Advertiser*, the Whig party—that class of respectable, wealthy, fashionable, recognized agencies; to work through which was success and popularity, to oppose which was universal reproach. Behind them lurked in hiding the Church. Against these was marshalled a body unorganized, half-disciplined, with no great mutual harmony, brought together by a common purpose, not by design—Parker, Beecher, Channing; a trinity in purpose, very unequal in intellect, very dissimilar in views, but all working to the same end. The liberal sects were another agency; the Anti-Slavery movement was a third; the Temperance movement was a fourth. Driven out into the country, banished to the common people, stigmatized as vulgar, fanatic—all these agencies in their day were thus calumniated—they believed the central truth, that one man with an idea is equal to ninety-nine men who have nothing but interest, and consequently they laid themselves out on the hearts and intellects of the common people. This is the revolt which has been going on for thirty or forty years. How utterly un-American these fashionable and wealthy influences were—in what a distant and alien atmosphere they dwelt—how truly they regarded the "people" as a dangerous element to be curbed and hoodwinked, not welcomed, in public affairs, most of us know by long experience. If you want a recent instance of their superficial knowledge of their own land, look at Professor Bowen's notes to his late edition of De Tocqueville, and see how frequently the Frenchman, after only ten months' visit, understood us better than his Harvard College critic; how keen and correct the text, how mistaken the notes which presume to question it.

Let me stop a moment to show you the means which this unrecognised aristocracy used, to turn aside or prevent the success of their opponents. As De Tocqueville says, they had no right to torture; they had no stake, as "Bloody Mary" had; they had no jail, Cayenne, or courage for a *coup d'etat*, as Napoleon had; but they said, "The testimony for the truth shall bear that universal reproach, far worse to bear than violence, and we will stifle inquiry or thought by making it suicide to every man who sides with it." I remember, walking from this Hall two years ago, being joined by a prominent member of society, who told me the man who stood in this desk knew more than the whole society—naming it—a learned society—of which he was a member. "He was proposed again and again," said this gentleman, "and I voted against him, as I know others did, because we would not make him respectable by that membership, while he preached in Music Hall." Again: Horace Mann—these things are the little bubbles that came to the surface in that struggle of what was *anchored* against what was *thought* in Massachusetts—Horace Mann undertook to remodel the common school system of Massachusetts, and he did it most faithfully; left it a legacy to his successors, and has placed Massachusetts perhaps at the head of the Northern States; but as long as he lived, this party of the past dogged every step he took in the Commonwealth with the cry of "Infidel!" and never rested until they had put that school system under more fashionable theological superintendence; and to-day, the woman who approaches a School Committee in Massachusetts with her hands full of recommendations will not have one of them opened, in three cases out of four, until she has answered the previous question, "Do you belong to the Orthodox Church?" For thirty years, a club of lawyers in this city, not a score in the whole, named every officer in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and unless a man bore the *imprimatur* of that Boston clique, as far west as Berkshire, he had no probable chance of success. The dynasty of this Council of Twenty was as imperious and as successful as the Council of Ten at Venice. Not unfrequently the humble member of our Suffolk Bar failed to get any fit attention from the bench, not belonging to that select club which, Judge and Counsel alike, left its champagne at midnight to meet in Court at nine o'clock. Non-members were unfashionable, and held at unfamiliar distance, while boon companions found their motions promptly considered. Rantoul—a man out of whose brain your Whig pet, now retired, might have cut his own, and Rantoul have never missed it; one of the most honest, one of the most able, and the most progressive member of the Suffolk Bar—Rantoul died, a member of Congress, dear to the State by labors in Temperance and Education which placed him side by side with Horace Mann, and while every attorney who ever argued a case can have a meeting of the bar and resolutions to do him honor, the noblest Massachusetts lawyer of his age was allowed to pass to his grave from Washington to Essex County without one word of recognition from his fellows, because he was a Democrat! Standing before a literary society of a Massachusetts college on the day the news of his death reached us, I tried to do my duty to his memory in remembering how faithfully, at the cost of his election, he served the Temperance cause, and how manfully he stood by Horace Mann in all his struggle. An Orthodox professor of that college took me to task, and said, "Why did you praise Robert Rantoul?" I said, "Because he deserved it!" (Applause.) "But," said he, "you know he was a freethinker. How dare you give credit to a freethinker for anything he deserves?" The whole life of Robert Rantoul is an illustration of the methods by which the party of the past opposed every man who dared to think—not with fair argument, not with honest struggle, but by persecution, in the only methods known to modern times.

But let me go elsewhere. You know, some of you, [illegible] that altar which inspired the stern grandeur of Isaiah! When, a New England boy, having wrought out with his own hands, in a dozen years, the scanty means of getting himself an education, he stood at its goal, about to graduate at the theological institution at Andover, the question of the annexation of Texas brooding at that time over the Union, his heart ran out to meet the anti-Texas movement of the Commonwealth, the Faculty said to him, "If you lecture for an anti-slavery society, you shall never have a license;" and the brave boy said, "I have spent fifteen years in the effort to get it, but before I add to the cost putting a gag upon my lips, I will renounce those fifteen years" (applause).

But, to leave Law and Divinity, it was the same in medicine. No physician could get his fee at law, for many years, unless he were a member of the medical society; he must trust to the honor of his patients. Long since the people changed that: the spite endures. Within twenty months, that Medical Society, representing those same elements to which I have referred—*North American Review, Daily Advertiser*, Whig party—as convenient names as we shall ever get for these counters—went to the Legislature, representing that they wanted to keep out immoral men, and persuaded the Legislature to allow the Society to elect or exclude any person, by vote, and then got together nineteen members, and voted that no Homœpathist and no Spiritualist shall ever be a member. It was this power that, for a while, refused to receive in court the testimony of a Universalist. The same stern tyrant, for years, allowed no man to avoid his Church tax unless he supported some Church which the law recognized. Harvard College broke its promise to make Tutor Charles Follen a Professor, because he dared to appear on an Anti-Slavery platform. This same power proposed once to indict William Ellery Channing as a blasphemer; and if the indictment against Abner Kneeland could have succeeded, would undoubtedly have gone another step, and tried some of the Unitarian body as the next victims. The same influences sought to punish the temperance and anti-slavery fidelity of John Pierpont, by undermining his pulpit—a task in which the cowardice of his brother clergymen aided them by refusing, almost unanimously, to invite the hero of their denomination to their pulpits. It was this same spirit that took Mrs. Child's first anti-slavery work with the tongs, and threw it out of the window of a fashionable dwelling: and when she sent that volume to the Athenæum, it was the same spirit which, because she wrote it, withdrew the privilege it had granted to her, on account of her literary character, of free admission to that library. It was this same spirit which for ten years omitted to invite to the platform of the Mercantile Library Association Theodore Parker, because, as the editor of a well-known literary magazine in this city said, they would not allow a lyceum audience to see him. "It was too dangerous." At the same time, no colored man could sit on a jury, nor go to school with other folks. He could be fined for intemperance, but could not be permitted to appear in a temperance procession in the streets of Boston. By the statutes of the State, the Selectmen or Aldermen of this city were bound to put into the jury box the names of all moral and good citizens. How many they put in, I do not know; but I know this, that never during that whole time came there out of that box the name of one single man tainted with new ideas—the name of one single man who on a jury would have convicted a mobocrat. "The fanatic," as *The Daily Advertiser* stigmatized him, was shut out from the jury box by the very radical nature of his opinions.

These things may be familiar to many of you; I doubt not they are; I pick them up because not familiar to all. You know of the mob that mobbed Garrison; you knew of the tumults that shut up the public buildings of the city; you know the method of this same respectable Massachusetts—that it persecutes a man by law, when it can, and when it cannot, persecutes him illegally, all the same; indicts when it has a statute, and mobs when it has not; tells Charles Sumner to support the President, and then assembles, as it did last night under the windows of Gen. Banks at the Parker House, and gives three cheers for Jefferson Davis! Not dead yet, only brought to bay! Such as these were the means it has used—low cunning, social persecution, literary taboo, universal reproach, the *auto da fe* of society, the driving from office, from direct influence, from respect. How did we meet it? Some of us meet it with quiet patience; for

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay; and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings her patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe;
One faith against a whole world's unbelief—
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

Some of us met it with rebuke and defiance—that was another way; and some of us criticized it by creation. You recollect the story which Theodore Parker was wont to tell you, that when Michael Angelo entered a palace whose ceilings Raphael was then painting, and found one covered with figures too small for the room, instead of uttering a word, he sketched on the opposite side a gigantic head, fitly proportioned to the building, and left. He criticized by creation; and when Raphael looked again at his own pigmies, he dropped his pencil, and refused to enter the hall again. So, when the Mercantile Library would not invite Theodore Parker, you instituted the Fraternity, and superseded it (applause). When the Church shut its door upon the new Massachusetts of reform, the Washingtonians, the Temperance Society, the anti-slavery lecturers went out and appealed to the common people, gathered them where they could, in private rooms, district school-houses, by the wayside, made what they could of their means, and preached to the consciences and the hearts of the masses of the Commonwealth. Criticized by creation! They not merely rebuked the Church for its backsliding; they created the Music Hall, the anti-slavery meeting, and the Temperance Society, and did the work which a politics in fashion and a Church in quiet had left undone. After a while, after a few years of this toil, we saw ideas that had been mobbed out of the cities come back to sit throned in the State House. And when the great men of the Whig party were some of them dead and buried, and some dead but not buried, the people of the Commonwealth—the *people*, outside of machinery, with no organization to speak of, to the terror of Boston, took a young lawyer from No. 4 Court street, never heard of in office before, and lifted him in its strong hand up to the Senate of the United States. It was the people, announcing its preference for a man who has a belief, over one who has only interests. It takes a great many shovels' full of earth to hide the truth, and the fashionable elements of Massachusetts life found it so. They did a certain degree of good, no doubt; so did *The North American Review*; and yet, while *The North American Review* argued one question to success, if you will look over its seventy volumes, you will find that it opposed a dozen to their triumph. You will find that the whole course of the Whig party, when it is traced in our history, is visible only, like that of the caravan crossing the desert, by the skeletons it has left behind. No one great popular measure has it carried; no one great social benefit has it conferred; no one step has it carried the nation forward. Tory in politics, bigot in the Church, snob in society, atheist in religion, it was always a coward before the foe, and in the Congress of the United States it ever placed Massachusetts lowest on the list. Until the people took possession of their own State; until, groping their way outside of political machinery, they sent *men*, not pedlers, into Congress, Massachusetts never had her proper position. I say it with the most entire deliberation: with the exception of a single year, I doubt whether, since the Revolution of '76, Massachusetts ever had in the government so great weight as she has at this moment. In the nation at large, her million of men and women, with their hearts and brains thoroughly aroused, dictate the thought of half America, and in the Senate of the United States, her representatives are the right hand and the left of the government (applause). There never was but one year when her influence approached in any degree what she exerts at present, and that was when the vast intellect of Webster met South Carolina, and by the help of a Democratic President out-generalled her (applause). But the Whig party has gone to its account. Its men and its measures have fallen into the rear. In front, the Commonwealth is held up by the people of the State—by what *The Daily Advertiser* and the Boston press have been accustomed to denounce as the "infidels" and "fanatics" of Massachusetts. Indeed it is so. Lucky that it is. Fortunate beyond all expression is it that the Commonwealth was in the hands of her conscience and [illegible] say this much, before turning again to my immediate subject, for our great Senator, who has done justice to the manufacturing interests and the shipping of Massachusetts, as Webster did, and also justice to her conscience and her thought, as Webster did not (applause). I do not wish to take one leaf from the laurel of the great defender of the Constitution; he rests at Marshfield, beneath the honors he fairly earned; but we have put in his place a man far more practical than he was; we have put in his place the hardest worker that Massachusetts ever sent to the Senate of the United States (applause); we have put in his place the Stonewall Jackson of the floor of the Senate—patient of labor, untiring in effort, boundless in resources, terribly in earnest—the only man who, in civil affairs, is to be compared with the great terror of the Union armies, the General of the Virginia forces. Both ideologists, both horsed on an idea, and both men whom, a year ago, the drudges of State street denounced, or would have denounced, as unpractical and impracticable; but when the war-bugle sounded through the land, both were found to be the only men to whom Carolina and Massachusetts hasted to give the batons of the opposing hosts. Side by side with that same instrumentality in the Senate is Music Hall, the temperance lecture, the anti-slavery meeting — the protests of the people. You know we have no press in this city. *The Transcript*—often capricious—is the only paper open, honorably and frankly, to the new voice—none other. The door just ajar of the newspapers for a month, is owing to what? To nothing but their terror of the people's movement, for which we may thank God, in that it aroused them to some degree of independence and frankness. But for that, our Representatives and Senators in Congress had never had one kind word from the city press. New York has *The Tribune, The Independent, The Evening Post*; Boston has her Music Hall to supply the place of the whole three (applause). Gen. Dearborn once said that the estates of nine Boston merchants out of every ten in the Probate Court were represented insolvent. He could find no reason. Reason enough: they all took *The Daily Advertiser*. Any man who reads the past and not the present, relies upon the old and not the vital, will end in insolvency, whether it be mercantile, literary or moral. You will recollect, that this disease of the press is not merely the November "languishing," as our ancestors used to call consumption; it is not merely the month before election; it is the whole year round. The old movement—the respectable, the wealthy, the anchored—is the voice of the Boston press; but the people's movement, Massachusetts as she stands to day—the Massachusetts who, if this Union is saved, history will say she did more toward it than any two States of the North—is quite different, is the Massachusetts of "fanaticism," the Massachusetts of "infidelity," the Massachusetts which grew up under the hand of Lyman Beecher and Theodore Parker, the Massachusetts which Garrison printed on his imposing-stone, when, defying Otis and Lyman, he made Boston listen, the Massachusetts which trusts her honor so confidingly to Sumner and Wilson, whose speeches have given us what the New York press gives to New York, the true politics and the natural good sense which we should never have obtained from the columns of the Boston daily press. Hold up, strengthen this Massachusetts, because to-day, if this Union be saved, we are to enter on the creation of a new people, the reorganization of society, the summoning into civil being of four million of slaves, the education of five million of poor whites, the sweeping all that was Carolina into the ocean, and putting a decent State in its place—because, if the Union be preserved, such is the great work of creation which rests upon the North; and because, if, in the providence of God—wholly possible—the Union is gone, broken into half a dozen fragments, then Massachusetts is bound and pledged to build up within her own borders not only a public opinion, but bulwarks for it, sufficient to protect her institutions, her civilization, and her ideas, against the dangerous neighborhood of States founded on violence, based on slavery. In either case, the greatest work of any generation since the Puritans is to be ours; and it is to be done by no worn-out, effete and coward agency like the Boston press or the *North American Review*. It is to be done by the untiring, fearless effort of the people, based on an idea. For this reason, I ask you to-day to put it so far beyond question next week which side Massachusetts votes, that no law professor doubly buried at Cambridge will ever dream that he can bind Massachusetts in his cobwebs to make sport for these Philistines (applause). And more than that, that you must, by your daily presence, by your pecuniary liberality, by your ready aid, sustain this pulpit—*The Tribune* and *Independent* of Boston; open to all voices, closed to no creed, too strong to be bullied by any sin, or any sinner (applause), deluded by no trick of the old enemy, always right by instinct if not by intellect. We need that aid. The Committee bear a heavy burden on few shoulders. It is no nine-months enlistment, this Music Hall. It holds in its hands the charge of the whole tone of the pulpit throughout Massachusetts. It is to affect States far beyond our limits—call to its bar, if it be only by way of perpetual protest, every creed and every idea. We have conquered the Lyceum; Committees now invite only those who will draw; and, unfortunately, that rule has turned it into an institution which theological papers denounce as an "infidel" one. We have conquered the Church, for she sides to-day with the great Senator who represents Massachusetts' honor and strength (applause)—himself this hour the most hated man in the State, and yet the most loved—the Thermopylæ before whom gather the barbarians, and all Greece fights for civilization behind him (applause). In the place, then, of a press, we want this Hall, and those like it; we want your cordial support for every form of this popular democratic insurrection against what has hitherto been held to be fashionable Massachusetts. We want your pecuniary aid here. We want you to work out the old problem, not the *right* of everybody to think—we have settled that—but the *duty* of everybody to think for himself. Oh, take home with you the tremendous responsibility! To-day, if we lived under a king, and the popular voice asked for it, we might change his Prime Minister in an hour. When William the Fourth, timid and narrow, dreaded the Reform Bill, the people of England could not get rid of him, but they mobbed the Duke of Wellington to-day, and to-morrow the King called a new Minister into his counsels, and the will of England was law. But we have a Prime Minister that lasts four years, whether we will or not; and whether this nation is saved to-day rests more than upon anything else on the personal character of Abraham Lincoln. If he is timid and waits a moment too long, if he is undecided, and lets other men dictate his course, there is no turning out the Prime Minister, and we halt so long that we land in division and disunion.

Everyone here is liable to be President. No man knows whether he can resist that fate. You do not know but the boy, whose ideas you may be forming to-day, will hold in his hand, twenty years hence, with no remedy but anarchy, the fate of this country. The people abdicate power for four years. Now, under that abdication, let us press, individually, into the very presence of our four years' king, and hold him up, strengthen and urge him onward; and let us prepare behind him, especially in Massachusetts, that "base of operations," that "reserve," which McClellan is always afraid to use, that body guard, which, if the van falter, may yet save the State. Hold up Music Hall, if only that somewhere, beside in political meetings, the people may have a voice in Massachusetts! Hold it up, as the example and the seed of a thousand other such to rise in Massachusetts! Hold it up as a token of the people's coming! Hold it up, as one of the brotherhood of which temperance and anti-slavery meetings form a part, and your Senator to-day in Massachusetts is the fruit!

MOBS IN KENTUCKY.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: There is another event in my life and the history of Kentucky society to which I refer only with mortification and regret.

I have again fallen into the hands of another mob (Oct. 24), and would not now refer to it but for the conviction that every event showing the nature and tendency of slavery should be improved—that the nation may be roused to deal with the iniquity as its wickedness demands.

Some seven weeks since, attempting to go to my family in Madison County, Ky., I was cut off by the unexpected presence and success of the rebel army near Richmond. I came with others to my native County on the border of the State. As I went from this point to Cincinnati, Ohio, I fell into the hands of a mob in which two prominent "Union" men took a

After this I gave myself to the interests of the soldiery then encamped near Covington, Ky. After the expiration of some six or seven weeks, the rebel army retreating, I again started for my family, which had all this time been enduring great privations of temporal comforts as well as anxieties of mind. Taking my younger son, then in Bracken County, I went by private conveyance to Washington, Mason County, Ky., that I might there take stage. While waiting here I was surrounded by a mob, and notwithstanding their acquaintance with the wants of my family, and the necessity of my taking this route, because of burned railroad bridges, yet, with unyielding obstinacy, they refused to let me advance, saying I might go out of the State, but not advance further into it. To go quietly out was not allowed. Further outrage was planned. This, after a time, was overruled by wiser counsel, and I was taken to a neighboring city, delivered up to the Circuit Judge, who, of course, had no jurisdiction, as I had not committed any crime. After a very respectful interview, and some remarks upon the inefficiency of law in Kentucky, and the improbability of my being able to travel in the State, he advised me to cross over the river. Unable to proceed, no protection here, of course I took the advice.

Now, I would most willingly have let this whole matter forever sleep; but there is a voice in it, as in many like events, which the nation ought to heed. The voice is this: Now that in the providence of God we have no constitutional barrier, but the moral and constitutional right to destroy slavery, let us do so.

There are some who propose to restore the Union as it was—to crush the rebellion and let slavery alone. If we could certainly subdue the rebellion and let slavery alone, where would be the wisdom of the policy?—what good?

Are we to have a Union in which every man who dares to utter the honest convictions of his soul and the first principle of the Gospel of Christ, must be mortified in the presence of his family, insulted along the highway, dragged about like a common vagabond, waylaid as an assassin, and beaten as a slave? Is this the Union we are to purchase with millions of treasure and oceans of blood?

Does some one say we will, after the war is over, make a bargain with slavery that it shall cease these aggressions? You might as well turn an old wolf into a sheepfold, and make a bargain with her that she will not suck blood. You might as well ask fire not to burn. This is its very nature. So the very nature and existence of slavery is plunder, outrage. Oh! when I see young men around me, in mob fury, clamoring for my blood, I feel sorrow in my soul for them. Noble young men in form and capacity, but poisoned, sadly poisoned, by the virus of slavery.

Let us, then, strike at the root of our troubles. Let us use every constitutional power for the destruction of slavery. Confiscate every foot of land of every rebel, and out of these and other lands secure to every loyal man, white or black, the opportunity to get a little home of his own; make him interested in the suppression of the rebellion and maintenance of government. We shall then have a universal home-guard, the great evils of slavery and land monopoly destroyed, and our common country redeemed from outrage and rebellion.

JOHN G. FEE.

Cincinnati, Oct. 30, 1862.

THE CRIME OF AMERICA.

From The Christian Inquirer.

WHY is America hated by all other nations? Why, in this hour of her calamity and distress, is every man's hand against her? Why has she lost the sympathies of mankind? Why are her active enemies in Europe and England, at this moment, fitting out privateers openly in the ports of professedly Christian and neutral countries, to prey on our commerce? Why are arms and merchandise being rapidly and constantly shipped to rebel cities? Why is the breaking of the blockade encouraged and connived at in Nassau, and Bermuda, and other ports? What is the unpardonable sin which has poisoned the mind of Christendom against America? Why has the general voice of literature, with a few honorable exceptions, which might be counted on the fingers, been anti-American during our struggle? Mill, Cobden, Bright, Cairnes, in Great Britain, and Gasparin, Laboulaye, and a few others, in France, have uttered noble words for us. Thanks for so much. We might explain this appalling phenomenon of this all but universal hostility by various causes. We might say it was the boastful spirit of the Yankees, or the existence of American slavery, or the general selfishness of nations—which, like corporations, have no souls—or the rivalry of power and trade, or recollections of old-time feuds and quarrels, which have left us solitary and alone in this black day of our history.

But we are obliged to probe deeper. The secret spring of this causeless and unchristian hatred, and the exultation at our presumed overthrow as a nation, is the nature of our free institutions. No nation exists in the Old World that is not pledged and committed to maintain, at every hazard, the old social and political condition, in which the few rule the many. For mankind to slip their necks, therefore, out of this yoke, escape to a virgin continent, plant free institutions, and demonstrate the feasibility and prosperity of self-government, is the crime which can never be forgiven or forgotten. This heinous sin lies at the door of America. This freedom of the United States makes us both feared and hated. And a sneer of contempt, and a bowl of passionate exultation at the rupture of the bonds of our States, and the woes and wickednesses of civil war, has passed through the world. Even the peoples themselves, misled by their lords and masters, catch the same tone, and not knowing that our cause is their cause, madly and blindly fall into the snare of the same ungenerous scorn and bitterness. Even the lately-arrived or the imperfectly-assimilated emigrants often turn their influence and votes in the same direction, and virtually say, Let the American Union be a thing of the past. The Savior among nations, the universal cry is, Crucify America. We put the case thus strongly in general outlines, and we believe it is a true presentation. We know we are far from being a perfect people. We know that we are far from being either infallible or impeccable. We do not claim sinlessness. But mark, it is not because we have lived out so poorly the great ideas of our institutions, or because we have had a local and transient slavery—the shell of the seed on the uprisen plant of liberty—that the Old World hates us so cordially. Rather it is because we have succeeded so well in the experiment of liberty that our example has proved dangerous and odious to all the hereditary principalities and powers. Let us take heart, then, and not be daunted. We are vindicating more than our Union, nationality or Constitution. We are the champions of a principle. We are contesting the capacity of man to govern himself, the dignity of human nature, the rights and interests of the people. A few clear, calm thinkers in Europe see this fact now, and cheer the Union armies in the battle for the human race, and the free and progressive civilization of the nineteenth century. All men will see it hereafter, and will read it in the everlasting verdict of history, and the judgments of mankind.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

WHERE IS THE CHURCH?

Our nation is in the midst of a crisis involving not only great loss and great peril of various kinds, but imminent danger to our very existence as a nation.

Shall we continue to exist as the United States of America? Who can tell? Various officials connected with the government declare that we shall not only live undivided, but triumph and prosper. The same persons, twelve, fifteen, eighteen months ago, spoke in the same tone of absolute assurance, and promised us these same things in a very brief period, and at a price far short of what we have already paid without even an approach toward success. Can we still trust them, after such repeated and fearful failures? Even on the supposition that they are honest and well-meaning, can we still believe in their capacity, assume them competent to judge of the situation, and continue patiently to make trial of their method, without seeking for a better?

Again, it must be inquired, shall we, united or divided, come out of this crisis with the assurance that it is the last, of its kind? When the war shall cease, will it be possible for us to apply ourselves to of our prosperity, wounds and the reëstablishment outbreak of a similar trouble from the same fruitful cause? Must those who rebuild our ruined walls continue, like Nehemiah, to hold the sword in one hand while they wield the trowel with the other? Or shall every fragment of this root of bitterness be dug up and burned with fire, before we again attempt to establish ourselves upon the soil corrupted by it? These are questions of fearful moment.

If our danger were only from without, it might easily be met and conquered. Slavery is the cause of the rebellion and of the war. If all the supporters of the government were united in the determination to destroy slavery, and to use the obvious and natural means for this purpose, the work would be easy, and the conquest speedy, sure and final.

There are three hundred thousand slaveholders (300,000) and no more, in this whole country. Of the specially dangerous slaveholders, those who own ten or more slaves, there are only one hundred thousand (100,000). This was the real force with which we had to contend when the war commenced; for though millions more have been, and are still, enlisted in their cause, millions of blacks working, and millions of whites working and fighting, the great bulk of these, that is to say all the blacks and most of the whites, might easily, by the use of proper means, have been detached from them and attracted to the support of the government.

It needs no argument to show that the blacks would, with the utmost heartiness and promptitude have come to the support of the government against the rebels, had that government openly made them the offer of freedom and protection as soon as the outbreak of war had removed the constitutional obstacles to that course. Since, while the government was in league with their oppressors, they had frequently risked, not merely its opposition, but the rifles and hounds of their masters, and the chance of dying under the lash if they were caught, and had made their way by tens of thousands to the Northern States and to Canada, they would most certainly have accepted an offer of freedom and protection from the President, gladly giving him their aid in the subjugation of the rebels, their enemies and his. The class of Southern people called "poor whites" have been oppressed by the slaveholding oligarchy little less than the slaves, but have consented to the oppression, some through fear, some from despair of any change of system, and still more from being saturated with the vices of a slaveholding community. Slavery shuts out these people from the possession of land, most of the fertile portion being monopolized by the slaveholders. At least half this class would gladly have joined the government against the rebels, if, simultaneously with the adoption of measures for the immediate abolition of slavery, the offer of land had been made them from the estates forfeited by rebellion. These two measures, if they had been taken by the government at the commencement of the war, would very speedily have destroyed the unity of the rebel States, making each one a house divided against itself.

To bring the slaves and the "poor whites" into alliance with the government against the rebels is no longer so easy a task as it was. The slaves have seen too much reason to distrust us, and have in many cases suffered severely for their offers of service to our cause; and the protracted war has increased the malignity with which Southern men and women viewed Northern ones, and has made them, much more than formerly, united in absolute hatred of us. Nevertheless, these things still *can* be done, and the abolition of slavery, and the attraction of the Southern blacks and a portion of the whites to our side, is the only way in which our enterprise can possibly succeed. To these things we must necessarily apply ourselves, or else make up our minds to submission, or defeat, or an indefinitely protracted war.

The President moves very slowly, very cautiously, and with apparent unwillingness, in the direction of emancipation. He still clings to the hope of *conciliating* the Border State rebels. He still holds the monstrous idea that it is not best, nor even safe, to cease entirely from persecution, but that we must banish those who are made free. He has expressed his desire to do the will of the people, when that shall be manifested; but, alas, the people also are divided in opinion and feeling.

How shall the President now be wrought upon, or how shall the people be moved to move the President, to act more vigorously towards the utter abolition of slavery? Time flies, and the rebels have yet a chance to adopt the friendly suggestion of Sir Culling Eardley (at the late Annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in London) that they compete with President Lincoln, take the wind out of his sails by an emancipation earlier than his, and thus lay a foundation for success in the war, and moreover for "the respect and sympathy of Europe."

The Church in this land has been the main bulwark of slavery, but God, in his mercy, now gives it yet another opportunity to do efficient service in the cause of freedom and righteousness. Mr. Lincoln has repeatedly asked not only for prayer but for counsel. He has strongly expressed his wish that manifestations of public sympathy and feeling be made, which may show him the popular will, and make it plain what course on his part will best secure its firm support. If large bodies of the Northern clergy, with or without the coöperation of their Churches, would assure the President of their approval of the Emancipation proclamation, and of their hearty readiness to support him in such *further* movement towards the same end as he may see to be needful, this would have immense weight towards securing a correct decision of the great question.

The clergy would not move against slavery while that institution was popular and powerful, and while numerous Reverend slaveholding brethren sat, spoke and voted in the same ecclesiastical bodies with themselves. Now both these temptations are taken out of their way. The Southern brethren have turned their backs upon the Church as well as the State, and slavery is so far fallen that it never can regain its old supremacy. Slavery never can go up again. The question remaining is, whether it will pull this country down with it to a common ruin. If the clergy of the North would strongly urge the President to do more, rather than less, in the way of emancipation, and volunteer to him the assurance that any movement of that sort which he might make would be welcomed and sustained by the religious sentiment of the country, it could hardly fail to turn the wavering scale in favor of freedom.

As to the propriety of such a movement in itself, and as to the need of it as a stimulus to the lingering President, no doubt can be entertained. That such interposition would weigh strongly in his mind, at a time when our civil and military necessities point in the same direction, is equally clear. The religious sentiment of a country, expressing itself in support of a practical application of justice and righteousness to affairs of State, must have weight in circumstances like ours, and will surely cause itself to be respected. The only question is—Has the Church vitality enough remaining to *wish* to use such an influence, and to put forth the effort required to make it effectual? Thus far, its leaders have seemed to put more trust in chariots and horses than in the advantage either of turning from sin, or turning to righteousness.

SCHEMES OF NORTHERN TRAITORS.

The Tribune is informed, on what it deems reliable authority, that certain leaders of the Northern Democracy have opened clandestine negotiations with the head traitors at Richmond, looking to a reconstruction on the following basis:

"1. The States now in rebellion are to elect Members to the *present* Congress, who are to present themselves at Washington and claim seats in said Congress on or before the first day of January next. The Members so chosen are to be fully in the rebel interest, but are not to be persons who have so conspicuously participated within the strict definition of the Federal Constitution.

"2. The House being so filled will at once have a conjoint Conservative and Rebel majority, who will proceed to notify the President that the rebellion is substantially ended—that the rebel States are all duly represented in the House—that, consequently, his proclamation of freedom is null and void, and slavery fully under the protection of the Constitution.

"3. Congress, thus reconstituted, is to proceed forthwith to repeal all acts bearing hard upon the traitors of the last two years, and to pass such other as may be necessary to secure perfect immunity and impunity to them all.

"4. A Convention of the States is to be called, wherein the united 'Conservative,' Democratic and Rebel strength is expected to be overwhelming, and is to be pledged beforehand to make whatever changes in the Constitution the slaveholding and slave-breeding interests may deem essential to their own future security and permanent well being."

It is said that these are in substance the propositions forwarded from New York to Richmond by the first envoy, and that they were not accepted by the rebel chiefs, who insisted on Disunion as the basis of peace, not, however, closing the door against future negotiation. A second envoy is supposed to be now in Richmond, or on his way thither.

There is no inherent improbability in this story, though the Democratic papers affect to deny that it is true. That the semi-traitors of the North have some conspiracy on foot for the defeat of the President's scheme of emancipation and the salvation of slavery we have little doubt; but we believe they were sorely disconcerted by the removal of McClellan, and consequently are now at their wit's end in the attempt to discover the means whereby they can hope to succeed in their traitorous object. Our safety depends on the firmness of the President, and upon the fact that the Southern "Barkis" is not willing to accept the terms offered by his Northern friends. Even North Carolina, which recently elected a Governor hostile to Jeff. Davis, refuses to listen to any terms of compromise. After the election of Gov. Vance, the self-styled conservative journals of the North were jubilant, in the belief that he would be eager to bring the State back into the Union. Gov. Stanley, evidently sharing in this anticipation, proposed an interview with Gov. Vance, to talk over the preliminaries; but he was repulsed in terms that probably served to open his eyes to the folly of attempting to coax the rebels to resume their allegiance to the old flag. Gov. Vance not only declined the proposed interview, but said defiantly that North Carolina would fight to the last drop of blood, and advised Gov. Stanley, if he had any propositions to make, to treat directly with the Confederate authorities at Richmond!

Gen. Banks.—Says the Boston *Commonwealth*: "There is no reason to conceal the fact that Gen. Banks's late visit to his fellow-citizens of this State has left anything but an agreeable impression upon his former friends. He came in the midst of a terrible conflict in which the men who are striving to cut the sinews of the soldiers entrusted to him were striving to rule this State in the interest of treason. How virulent and base their designs were he must have known by the fact that whilst the one party were giving him a cordial reception the other was present to interrupt his address with nine cheers for Jefferson Davis. These he heard in the streets of Boston. But during that address and two others which he gave in this city, he had not one jubilant word to give for our triumph at the ballot-box, not one word for freedom, not one anathema for the accursed institution now draining the life-blood of the nation! Even when on the night of the election he was serenaded as a friend of freedom, he took it for a compliment to himself, and had not a word of joy for the glorious result. In New York, at the breakfast given by the New Englanders there, whilst Busteed and others uttered thrilling words for liberty, Banks gave only platitudes."

Colorphobia Rebuked.—Mme. Geffrard, the negro wife of the negro President of Hayti, was lately received by the Emperor and Empress of France with all the honors usually bestowed upon ladies of the highest rank. This, in France, is all a matter of course, the people of that country being for the most part free from the hateful spirit of caste founded on a difference of complexion. What spasms would seize the Slave Democracy of this country if President Lincoln and his wife should receive Mme. Geffrard on terms of equality at the White House!

PROF. CAIRNES LECTURING ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

Prof. J. E. Cairnes, of Dublin, the author of the admirable work on *The Slave Power* (lately reprinted in New York, by Carleton), has very recently delivered a Lecture in Dublin on the Revolution in America, which was attended by a great audience of the most intelligent and cultivated persons of that city, and which is reported in full in the Dublin *Daily Express* of Oct. 31. The Bishop of Kilmore presided, and at the close of the lecture the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (the Earl of Carlisle) moved the thanks of the assembly to Prof. Cairnes, and, while cautious not to depart from "the wise neutrality which the British government had hitherto maintained," vindicated his own well known convictions by expressing the hope that "slavery would loosen her hideous grasp, and peace resume her sway." The "Right Hon. J. Napier, the Solicitor-General," who seconded the motion, seems not to have been quite as careful to maintain his neutrality, for he gave it as his belief that the emancipated slaves never could enjoy their independence and liberty in the United States. But as no one has done more than Prof. Cairnes, and probably no one so much (unless J. Stuart Mill be excepted), to enlighten the prevailing ignorance in Great Britain about American affairs—an ignorance as deplorably prevalent in their aristocratic circles as in any other quarter—we may hope that he will succeed in at least exciting a spirit of inquiry, the result of which shall be that the professed neutrality of England may become an honest one, and that very shame, if no higher motive, may stay their hands from longer encouraging, aiding and abetting the monstrous attempt of slavery to subject this whole continent to its power.

But of the lecture—a correspondent who had the good fortune to hear it says: "The attendance was very large and of the greatest respectability. The lecture was very able, most admirably delivered, and made a great impression. Lord Carlisle spoke at the conclusion with diplomatic reserve—but his heart was with the lecturer, and at the close he went up to him and congratulated him most cordially. The lecture will shortly be printed in a correct pamphlet form; and will then be the most complete and clear summary of the American case for English use that exists, to my knowledge. Cairnes is cool, clear-headed, logical, unimpulsive, conscientious, with his heart in the cause, which has on this side of the Atlantic no abler advocate, none so able to the best of my belief. I was gratified to see how well he carried the audience with him, and I am confident that, though the people here have greatly erred, it has been through ignorance, and misinformation of Southern men, or of people in the cotton and aristocratic interest. * * * Much which appears in your anti-slavery and other journals, showing the amount of negrophobia and downright pro-slavery in the North, tends to weaken enthusiasm in your behalf. * * * You need not fear intervention. I don't think it would ever have been popular here, and since the proclamation it would be simply impossible. England will not go to war to uphold American slavery. I have no special respect for the statesmen of any land, but I believe our people are sound."

We surely have believed so; and hope soon to see evidence of it.

The Dublin *Express* says of the lecture of Prof. Cairnes: "It was singularly clear and forcible, and as convincing as any discourse could be where opinion is so much divided. Prof. C. is an ardent advocate of the North, and said everything in its favor that became a judicious and truth-loving advocate." The editor closes by speaking of "the beastly idol which the South has now set up in the Temple of God, and which it calls upon England and Europe to recognize as a true Divinity. The demand is so monstrous that the European Powers should issue a commission of inquiry to ascertain whether Jeff. Davis and his colleagues are not insane on the subject of slavery, and whether the Confederation and the war are not the creations of an epidemic madness."

This writer understands the rebellion and its purpose.

MISSOURI FOR EMANCIPATION.

The election returns from the interior of Missouri are more favorable for emancipation than the friends of the cause ventured to hope they would be. There is no room for doubt that the Legislature will be in the hands of the Emancipationists, who will of course elect two U. S. Senators of their faith. The St. Louis correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"When the soldiers' votes are all counted, a popular majority will be shown for the Emancipationists in the State. We have carried many Counties heretofore strongly pro-slavery, and will control the affairs of those Counties for the next two years in any event, unless the Union armies are defeated. In twelve months more the freedom of speech will be so generally recognized throughout the State, that an emancipation candidate for Governor may stump the State in advocacy of the abolition of slavery with more personal freedom than Wendell Phillips could discuss the same subject to-morrow at Cooper Institute.

"The Congressional election in the First District is still an open question, depending on the soldiers' votes. Returns from several companies have been thrown out for palpable defects; and as this throwing out business has operated injuriously to the Hon. Frank P. Blair, Jr., it is stated he is very anxious to have certain returns and poll-books withdrawn for correction. This interesting proposition has been declined by the custodian of the returns—the County Clerk, Samuel W. Eager—and a mandamus is talked of by Blair's friends. The returns, as footed up a few days ago, gave Blair 122 majority, but it is known the soldiers' votes yet to arrive will change the result to several hundred majority for Samuel Knox. The law allows fifteen days after the election for the filing of the returns. Until that time expires it is not likely we shall have any official declaration of the result. Till then the partisans of Knox and Blair are equally sanguine of ultimate victory. Probably the defeated candidate will contest the election of the other, whichever way the result is declared."

It is unfortunate that the Constitution of Missouri forbids the Legislature to abolish slavery; otherwise it would no doubt make haste to accept the proposition of the President for compensated emancipation. But it may, through the taxing power, strike the hateful system a fatal blow. A tax of $100 per head for all persons held as slaves, accompanied by a law forbidding the sale of slaves to go out of the State, would bring the great majority of masters to their senses, and make them willing to emancipate for any compensation that may be offered.

Piety in the Rebel Army.—Our readers remember the Rev. Dr. Stiles, who figured for some years as Secretary of the Southern Aid Society, and whose piety was "a sweet smelling savor" in the nostrils of the New York *Observer*, *Journal of Commerce*, and the supporters of slavery generally. When the rebellion broke out, he scampered off to the South, to give what aid he might to the slaveholding traitors. He has been employed, it seems, as an "evangelist" in the rebel Army of the Potomac; and we have before us a letter from him, copied from a Richmond paper, giving a glowing account of "the happy religious condition" of the rebel soldiery. One would think from his report that treason in arms makes the atmosphere most congenial to piety, and that there is nothing like a rebellion in the interest of slavery to bring souls to the very gate of heaven! In Gen. Lawton's brigade there is "a more decided state of religious excitement"; the great body of the soldiers in some of the regiments "meet for prayer and exhortation every night, exhibit the deepest solemnity, and present themselves numerously for the prayers of the Chaplains and the Church"; and "quite a pleasant (!) number express a hope in Christ." In Gen. Trimble's and the neighboring brigades "there is in progress one of the most glorious revivals I ever witnessed," etc., etc., through the whole gamut of religious cant, and ending with this postscript: 'I have opened this letter the second time to inform you of the widespread of holy influence. In Gen. Pickett's division, also, there are said to be revivals of religion."

What a commentary upon the popular religion of the country, that all its most cherished phenomena may be and often are produced among those devoted to the support and propagation of slavery!

Voice of the Soldiers.—The correspondent of *The Tribune* at Corinth, Mississippi, says: "The soldiers here are almost universally in favor of the late proclamation. It was received in our camp with shouts of applause." Similar reports are constantly received from almost every division of the Northern Army. It is our firm belief that two-thirds if not three-fourths of the soldiers, if they had the opportunity, would eagerly vote in favor of the proclamation; and this in spite of the efforts of pro-slavery officers to mislead them and inflame their prejudices against the negroes.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

A ROUGH RHYME

Concerning a Remarkable People.

In a certain Land (whether far or near,
In this or another hemisphere,
It matters not to my purpose here),
Is a singular population:
In many respects they seem like men—
Are of goodly height, say five feet ten—
Can be taught to read and to use a pen,
And are fond of disputation.
Judging alone from form and face,
You'd swear they belong to the *human race*;
And think, meanwhile, "If that's the case,
There's no great reason for being proud
Of counting one in such a crowd,
Which more than hints that the myth is true
(As told by Swift) of the Yahoo."
—I once read "Gulliver's Travels" through,
And now aver, that in all his range
From wonder to wonder and change to change,
He met with nothing more truly strange
Than the subjects of this narration;
And the worst of it is, I'm sorry to say,
From certain facts that have come in my way,
There are grounds for fear, or at least for doubt,
That this singular race will not run out
With the present generation.

The thing that is queerest with this queer folk,
And yet too sad to admit of a joke,
Is, that the bone, which stiffens the back
Of the *genus homo*, these creatures lack,
And to stand erect, in a manly sort,
As true men do, and all men ought,
Is a sheer impossibility:
Their limberness runs through the length of their spine,
Which seems little more than a twist of twine;
Such a vertebral column, you well may opine,
Isn't much in the way of utility.
So its owners must do the best they can—
Play poodle, perhaps, where they can't play man—
For all have a place in the infinite plan,
Even vermin—and *these*, who, their masters to please,
Crawl in the dirt on their hands and knees,
Lick the dust with a marvellous ease,
When their lords take snuff, are ready to sneeze:
In short, whatever is most absurd
In act or in thought, in deed or in word,
Whatever is servile and false and base,
Is the chief delight of this singular race.
If their masters cry, "Down!" it were vain to expect
That they *would*, if they *could*, stand a moment erect,
Or venture to hint, so debased have they grown,
That their souls—or the gizzards so called—are their own.
If anything mean is required to be done,
'Tis amazing to see these creatures run,
As if serving the Devil were very fun,
Or pelf were gathered, or honors gotten,
Only by those whose hearts are rotten.
They fawn on Power—the weak they oppress—
They cheat the simple and call it "*finesse*"—
They wriggle and crawl in their loathsomeness,
And their small souls shrivel to less and less,
Till even arithmetic fails to express
Their infinitessimal littleness:
And yet they manage, by hook or by crook,
Like that old hypocrite, Pumblebook,
To get themselves into some nice nook
Where Fortune's sun is shining:
And if life's turtle has any *fat*,
'Tis just the *place* that they'll be at;
And where life's pudding is black with plums,
Is just the *placer* for their thumbs,
And let who will pick up the crumbs,
'Tis not *their* way of dining.

Some "fill the pulpit"—an unfit place,
Perhaps you think, for a pliant race—
But a single fact explains the case:
Confounding cowardice with grace,
And piety with length of face,
They deem themselves "elected"
As "shepherds of Zion," charged to keep
All *other* wolves from the fold and sheep,
And to "watch and pray" while the lambkins sleep;
(But somehow the *pray*,
Most observers agree,
Though 'tis spelt with an *a*,
Is performed with an *e*:)
And "between porch and altar" to howl and weep
With a fervor well affected.
"Sin in the abstract" they spare not at all,
But damn with a zeal that is worthy of Paul:
While "sin in the concrete"—why, really, to call
So "complex a matter" in question
Might "injure the minister's influence,"
Or to some "weak brother" give "offense"—
Or interfere, in a double sense,
With some rich knave's digestion:
And dare they thus tempt Providence?
Forbid it, Pudding! forbid it, Pence!
But they still must play the priestly *role*,
And their weekly quantum of Scripture dole
With a sort of holy snuffle,
And a foggy kind of cant thrown in
About "the sinfulness of sin,"
As senseless as your parrot's din,
Which neither the sinner's heart can win,
Nor the sinner's temper ruffle.

But they do not always "draw it mild"
For the "godless" and "unreconciled,"
Nor with smooth, set phrases strive to please
Those old precisians, the Pharisees;
But for crimes long forgotten,
And scoundrels long rotten,
Their lash theologic has snapper and knot on,
And boldly they swing it, with *vim* in each blow,
Over backs that were dust generations ago!
How fervid their zeal! and their courage how rare!
Nor does *Pilate* escape, nor that *Judas*, whose kiss
Smacks of hell from the day of his treason to this.
(Yet I think, after all, it would not be amiss,
If a *part* of the curses they lavish on these
Dead dogs were reserved for the *living D. D.'s*,
Whose "South-side religion"—invented to please
Those saints who believe in the Gospel of Gammon,
Which teaches the world how to serve God and Mammon—
Libels Christ, and confounds light and darkness. Of course,
They'll *not* do it, nor anything else so absurd,
To "offend the dear saints" who "attend on the word,"
For they pride themselves on their "choice of evils";
Have discovered that sin, with the prefix "organic,"
Isn't sin—nor is Satan at all Satanic,
If he pays for a pew in some popular church,
And sees that the priest isn't left in the lurch—
And the God they adore is—"*the least of two devils.*")

To stations once filled by the good and the wise
They manage, well boosted by boobies, to rise,
On a ladder whose rundles are liquors and lies,
And halls legislative convert into styes,
And fill with innumerous stenches,
Surpassing all that was ever known
Of the "separate stinks" in old Cologne,
Or the sewer that runs from French's—
In fact, I have heard, or dreamed, or read,
Or the thought of itself has popped into my head,
(Though it is not one to tarry on,)
That the letters "M. C.," which these creatures attach
To their names, simply mean (for the people) "*mere catch*,"
For the place they infest, "*more carrion.*"
The simple may think, as they list to their prate
Through a rambling, shambling, dull debate,
That "love for the people," and "zeal for the State,"
Impel their volubility.
Credulous souls!—one scarce could make
A more ridiculous mistake!
Their "love for the people"!—just show me the decimal
That gives an idea of the infinitessimal,
The *nearest* approach to nihility,
And *that* will express it in measure most ample;
But the matter will, doubtless, be best understood
By referring inquirers to B—nj—m—n W——d.
Thus *proving* the rule by a single "example."

Three thousand a year, as their nominal pay,
With the "pickings and stealings" that come to their way,
Can't be deemed a high price for the work that they do,
And the dirt that they eat, and the hullabaloo
That they raise in behalf of some favorite Lie,
So throttled by Truth it seems ready to die:
Consider, what meannesses, little and great,
Stealing babes, whipping women, or robbing the State—
What libels, and treasons, and crimes without end,
They must aid, or, at least, must excuse and defend—
How, some man-thief to please, or their purpose to suit,
They must play (*that* comes easy) the bully or brute;
Or (so far as regard for their necks will allow),
Pettifog for the treason they dare not avow,
(Like, for instance, V—ll—nd—gh—m, V—rh—s, or C—x,)
With a truculent style that all decency shocks,
And with ethics as loose and a logic as limp
As the Devil could ask from his favorite imp,
Or "Secession" itself from its pander and pimp;
And still not a half of their labor is told,
Nor a tithe of their meanness!—Oh, pay them the gold
For which decency, honor, and conscience are sold!

Some write for the papers, and so *Express*
Their hatred of Freedom and Righteousness;
Or, covetous of an evil fame,
Herald, from day to day, their shame;
And prove, besides (for their babble is read),
That "the fools (and the knaves) are not all dead."
With offal raked from the dirtiest stews,
Drivel, and gabble, and scraps of news,
Stupid "Reviews," and stupider "Views,"
Lies malicious and lies insane,
Lies idiotic, and lies inane,
Double entendres and jests obscene,
With all that is meanest in all that is mean—
The rotten soul of cowardice,
And the cruellest part of every vice—
In short (and not to be over-nice),
With whatsoever best expresses
A concentration of nastinesses,
They fill their columns from day to day;
"And better by far it is," they say,
"To serve the devil for *ready pay*,
Than to trust the Lord in a pious way!"
And the man who *buys* their devilish wares,
Whether he prays, or whether he swears,
Says, "Right!"—and who the devil cares,
After that, for his oaths or prayers?

'Tis a numerous race, I'm sorry to say,
Of which I have woven this rhyme to-day—
A race that, just for Devil's pay,
Do his dirtiest work in a devilish way;
And *meaner work* was never done,
Under the stars, or under the sun,
And *meaner workers* had never birth
On, or under, or over the earth.

As reptiles, loathesome and most abhorred,
Are suffered to live by the gracious Lord,
So these, for a purpose inscrutable,
Are kept, for a while, this side of——well,
Let us be patient!—for who can tell,
Since Egypt was scourged by a plague of lice,
That a similar curse, for a similar vice,
Is not a part of the terrible price
Which Peoples must pay for the measureless wrong
That crushes the weak 'neath the heel of the strong?

Phil. M. Ligonier.

Sentenced.—Albert Horn, lately convicted of fitting out a steamer as a slaver, was arraigned for sentence on Saturday. Judge Shipman said the crime for which the prisoner was to suffer required calm deliberation, and was not a crime of sudden temptation. He therefore sentenced him to imprisonment at hard labor for five years.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington Nov. 16, 1862.

I cannot perceive as yet that *everything* has gone to ruin, although Gen. McClellan *is* at Trenton with his wife, quietly talking over his campaigns. As for the General himself, I am free to admit that he has behaved well since Gen. Buckingham reached him, on that eventful Friday night, with the famous order relieving him from the command of the Army of the Potomac. That is the opinion of all military men here. The President, Mr. Stanton and Gen. Halleck, one and all, so it is said, speak in high terms of Gen. McClellan's conduct since he was removed. It is a common remark that he is behaving much better than many of his friends. And the remark is true. Gen. McClellan is unfortunate in his friends. He does not deserve to be cursed with the friendship of such a man as John Van Buren. Prince John will ruin the political fortunes of almost any man. He cost Seymour several thousand votes. If John had held his tongue during the election-canvass, no doubt Seymour would have got more votes than he actually received. But the Prince will, if possible, damn his friends with his praise. He nominates McClellan for the Presidency. It is enough of itself to kill him! Besides, it is the very worst thing in the world to do for a candidate to bring him out too quick. If the Presidential election were going to take place in January, now would be the time to bring out Little Mac, and I very much fear that he would sweep the board. But almost everything is to occur between this and the next Presidential election. Suppose Burnside goes on and wins a victory, and the Administration prosecutes a successful Winter campaign? Little Mac will then go out of sight. Or, if the South triumphs and separation is fixed, nobody who has had anything to do with the war will have a chance of nomination or election. The people will, in such an event, be sick of the war and our Generals.

But I was speaking of the condition of the army. It is not in open mutiny, and it has not taken possession of Washington and the government, as some people thought would be the case if the favorite General were removed. I have yet to learn that any distinguished officer has resigned his place in the army. A few felt a good deal like doing so, doubtless, but they feared public sentiment in the free States.

The great act of removing McClellan has done more good in giving the President renewed energy than in any other way. Let alone the question of McClellan's military greatness and the policy or impolicy of taking the management of the war from his hands, it is easy enough to see that the act has made a new man out of Mr. Lincoln. It required immense courage on his part to do it. It may not seem so to a quiet, stay-at-home body, far from the centre of political and military movements, but *here* no intelligent man could fail to perceive that it required great moral courage in the President to remove the General in command of our greatest army. Gen. McClellan's friends are all-powerful, and those who suppose that his friends are all of one party do not understand the facts. There are yet hundreds and thousands of Republicans who think there never was quite such a man or General as George B. McClellan. Then there was the great Democratic party at the back of this General. Worse, however, than that—*the army loved McClellan.* But Mr. Lincoln became thoroughly convinced that his leading General was determined to have his own way in the management of the war—that he would not obey the General-in-Chief, nor the Commander-in-Chief. It was time, then, that the removal was made, be the consequences what they might. It was a brave act in the President to remove him, and let him have the credit for it.

There is another thing for which the President deserves praise. He refuses to listen to the Border State men who are crowding round him, beseeching him to revoke his Emancipation proclamation. He says squarely *he will not do it.* This is no more than his duty, but at the same time it is praiseworthy in him. *The Republican* of this city professes to have authority for saying that Mr. Seward advises the President to stand by his proclamation. Even Mr. Seward perceives that it will be contemptible to revoke the proclamation. It must be backed up now by all the power of the government, no matter how many Ben. and Fernando Woods there may be in the money-loving, pro-slavery city of New York.

The rough draft of the message to Congress is made. It is rumored that Mr. Lincoln, in the document, advocates his Emancipation policy at length. As the message will go to all parts of the world, and will gain a hearing where no other argument on our side of the question can, it is to be hoped that Mr. Lincoln will ponder well the subject. Heretofore it has been said in defense of Mr. Lincoln's messages that, if they were plain and awkward in style, yet they suited the common people who were to fight the war and support its vast burdens. True enough. But we have arrived at a stage in our history when it is important to make an argument before the civilized world. This is a glorious opportunity—just one month before Mr. Lincoln gives freedom to millions of bondsmen. God grant that he may do his work *well!*

I see some of the staunch friends of freedom on our streets to-day. Henry Wilson, Chandler of Michigan, Casey of Kentucky, and others. Wilson deserves a "first-class notice" whenever one can get a chance to write it. He is *never* ashamed of the cause, and *never* falters in its support. He was down here some time before the elections, and he hazarded the prediction that Andrew and Sumner would carry the State of Massachusetts by overwhelming majorities, no matter how bitter the opposition might be. He was a good prophet, and I have generally found him to be exceedingly sagacious in political matters. Gen. Wilson expressed the decided opinion that McClellan would win the battle of Antietam, or rather that he would drive the rebels from Maryland. While he has never been a McClellan worshipper, Henry Wilson has never doubted his ability to win battles when aroused to the pitch of earnest fighting. He thinks now, I believe, that the Administration has done the best and the only thing in its power to do—in removing Gen. McClellan.

Senator Chandler has had a hard fight with the Democrats and conservatives generally in Michigan in the recent canvass. They have fought him with desperation, and are beaten. Mr. Chandler will be reëlected to the Senate, though he is the special object of hatred among pro-slavery men in the West.

I find the subjoined "item" in *The Republican* of this city. As I wish to say a word about it, I will quote it:

"On Monday evening last, the chief laundress of the Harewood hospital, Rachel Sutherland, a contraband, who came within our lines at Acquia Creek, and had General Wadsworth's military protection on her person, was surprised at the unaccustomed absence of her husband, Sandy Sutherland, employed at the Patent Office hospital. She suspected foul play, and requested Dr. Johnson, surgeon in charge, to go with her to the city jail. When there, she was told she could come in, but, as soon as she passed the door, was consigned to a cell. Her three children, infants, were left at the hospital, and her distress was extreme. Dr. Johnson went, indignantly, to the Provost-Marshal and demanded redress. On investigation, it proved the notorious *Wise & Allen* had run the husband into the jail, although he had a protection on his person.

"The Provost-Marshal instantly sent down Lieut. Brennan and ten men to procure the bodies of the slaves—peaceably, if he could; forcibly, if he must.

"The guards on duty refused to obey the order; but the Provost Guard having been marched in, the jail guards, seeing that resistance was useless, succumbed, and the two fugitives were brought down and delivered over under protest.

"The mother was restored to her children, and the husband placed under the protection of the bayonets of the United States, at the Patent Office hospital."

I suppose few decent Northern people will read the above without anathematizing the miscreants Wise & Allen, and blaming the Provost-Marshal of Washington. Yet it is the Republican Congress of the United States that is responsible for these outrages. It is the Republican leaders in the House and Senate who perpetrate these outrages. They are done under color of the Fugitive Slave law, and the Republicans do not repeal that law. I am informed, on the best authority, that "Wise & Allen" are doing strictly legal work—that the Republican Congress approves of their business, or at least must be so understood, for it has not repealed the law under which these atrocities are perpetrated. *The Republican* says:

"It is about time the infernal business of negro-catching were stopped in this city. There is too much of the free and intelligent Northern element now inhabiting the city, to allow the disgrace much longer. Yet it never can be stopped while these villains can pursue their nefarious calling under color of the Fugitive Slave law. Let that law be abolished, and then abolish all officers of the law who favor such outrageous proceedings as the kidnapping of free people, and we shall be a free city in truth. In the name of humanity, we thank Gen. Wadsworth and Col. Doster for what they have done in this and similar cases, yet even they are powerless to save the victims of the Slave Power in many cases, in consequence of that law which there is now no good reason for continuing in existence."

This is right enough, and now we will see if Congress the elections being mainly past—will give us more righteous legislation upon this subject.

Avon.

LETTER OF COMMENDATION TO THE PRESIDENT.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

Esteemed Friend: The undersigned, a Committee of Kennett Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends, in Chester County, Pa., appointed to address the Executive on its behalf, in commendation of thy recent Emancipation Proclamation—which also contained an assurance that the laws of Congress securing freedom to the slaves of rebels shall be enforced—would respectfully say: That we rejoice in the fact, that God often uses the governments of this world as instruments in carrying out his wise and beneficent purposes; and that recent events, under the guidance of Justice, Wisdom and Goodness, have led us as a nation in the direction of Humanity and Right. That while we hail with unaffected joy the important and world-renowned document, and can rejoice for the manly independence and Christian fortitude that enabled the head of this great nation to become the instrument for accomplishing so great and so good a deed, yet we thank God, the Author of every good word and work, for putting it into thy heart, and strengthening thee, in assuming the responsibility of the movement. Though not universal, as was desired, yet we will sustain every right effort for its entire fulfilment; which, it is believed, can only be attained by securing the hearty coöperation of the colored population of the South, who have been found loyal, and disposed to assist the government to the extent of their power; as certified by the Secretary of State as follows: "Everywhere the American General receives his most useful and valuable information from the Negroes, who hail his coming as the harbinger of freedom."

We entreat thee to "be strong and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them, for the Lord thy God, He it is that goeth with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

We may well apply in this connection the language of Job, who, in the conscious rectitude of his course, testified that "when the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

Fervently desiring that Divine Wisdom may sustain and direct, in the arduous duties devolving upon the Chief Magistrate at this important epoch of our nation's history, we are, very sincerely and affectionately, thy friends,

William Barnard,
Thomas Hambleton,
Eusebius Barnard,
Mary H. Cox,
Alice Eliza Hambleton.

The Modern Sodom.—If we wish to find the truest illustration of the spirit that rules the South—the spirit of slavery and secession—we turn naturally to Richmond, the Capital of the slaveholding Confederacy, where the influences that mould Southern society and government have full play. Here is a picture of Richmond, sketched, not by an Abolitionist, but by an eminent rebel, John R. Thompson, in a letter to the New Grenada (Miss.) *Appeal.* Not Sodom itself was more corrupt.

"Richmond is now worse than Naples—worse than Baltimore was when Winter Davis was the Wilkes of the Plug-Ugly swell mob of that lawless city. No one thinks of going into the Cimmerian streets after nightfall without arms. A large and well-organized band of cut-throats has 'taken the town.' They lie in wait at almost every corner, well provided with slung-shot, billies, brass knuckles, and all the other devilish implements of mischief which the city highwayman uses to disable his victims, and they attack everybody that walks along, oftentimes gentlemen when attended by ladies. That they are not found out is a matter of grave reproach to the city police. But this corps is so small that they can do little for the protection of a city spread over an immense surface of ground, and without a light from one end of it to the other.

"That so numerous a gang can infest Richmond at all, walking the streets in the day time, without ostensible means of support, and doing nothing whatever, is a proof of the palpable inefficiency of the Conscript law. Why these men are not enrolled by the proper officers (for they cannot possibly be exempt) passes all comprehension. But a promenade down Main street any day will show you hundreds of idlers, fashionably dressed, with overmuch tawdry jewelry, sporting watch-chains that might and should hang them, for, beyond all doubt, in these groups at the corners, one sees the very scoundrels that rob honest citizens after dark. A few nights ago the police made a descent upon one of the dens or cribs of the gang and captured 16, who were taken to Castle Thunder. There are probably more than twenty times that number in the city, and unless something is done to put a stop to their outrages soon, there will be a private patrol and some hanging done at the lamp-post quite impromptu."

Letter from John Bright.—Wm. Cornell Jewett, "of Colorado Territory, U. S. of America," now in Paris, having solicited an interview with John Bright, M.P., for the purpose of convincing that eminent statesman that he ought to aid the Southern rebels in their efforts to secure foreign recognition and intervention, received the following letter:

North Wales, Oct 17, 1862.

Sir: I will be in town the end of the month. From your published views, but little good can result from an interview. If you are for the Union, and think it can be preserved by conciliating the South, I confess I am amazed. They have made war upon you because they suspected you would yield nothing more to them—are you to yield more under compulsion of the war, or because you can neither conquer the South, nor yet subsist as an independent State without her? If you love slavery, and wish to continue it, and if you think you can build up with honor a restored and united republic by humbling yourself to the South, I can only express my surprise at the dream which possesses you. You may separate or you may fight out this contest and win—but to leave the slave still a slave will expose you to the contempt of the civilized world. I applaud the proclamation of the President, as does every man in Europe who is not a foe to freedom, or moved by base hostility to the American Republic because it is a republic, and because it is powerful. When in town, I will see you. I am respectfully yours,

John Bright.

The Fugitive Aid Society of Boston has effected an engagement with Mrs. Louise De Mortie, the talented young colored dramatic reader, to give readings in aid of the suffering sick, aged and infants among the contrabands at Washington. Any facilities which the friends to this cause can put in motion to secure meetings will be gratefully remembered by the Society. *The Liberator* says:

"We earnestly hope, both for the sake of the suffering and destitute contrabands at Washington, and to bring before the public an accomplished and most successful dramatic reader, that Mrs. De Mortie will receive numerous invitations in this State and elsewhere to give specimens of her reading and delineating power, as we are confident that she will in every case give entire satisfaction."

Mrs. De Mortie is advertised to read at Albany on the 27th inst., and in Brooklyn Dec. 1.

Her friends, and those willing to aid her, may address Mrs. De Mortie for a short time, care of the Editor of this paper.

Capt. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, says the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy*, has received from Gen. Rufus Saxton the offer of the Colonelcy of the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers. It is an offer wholly unexpected by the Captain, and it is understood he has not yet accepted it, preferring, if it can be arranged, to go first to Beaufort to look into the matter. It is probable that he will obtain leave of absence from the Governor to go to Beaufort and have a personal conference with Gen. Saxton, in which case he will go sometime this week. It would seem to be a post which he more than almost any other man is qualified to fill.

Seward and Buchanan.—Says the Boston *Commonwealth*: "*The Tribune* is incredulous about the connection between the above-named old public functionaries, during the last four months of Buchanan's administration. *The Tribune* is singularly unsuspicious for its latitude. It is certain that Seward was in consultation with that Administration, Attorney-Gen. Black being the medium. Black is a very different man from the man that superseded him; and through him we have reason for saying the consultation was with Buchanan himself; also that Mr. Seward saw Buchanan's message before it was sent to that Congress."

New Publications.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October (L. Scott & Co.'s Reprint, 79 Fulton street) contains nine articles, viz.: 1. Essays and Reviews—Dr. Lushington's Judgment; 2. The British Sea Fisheries; 3. Railways, their Cost and Profits; 4. Gibraltar; 5. The Encyclopædia Britannica; 6. Idées Napoléoniennes—the Second Empire; 7. The Religious Difficulties of India; 8. The Slave Power; 9. Contemporary Literature.

The article on the "Slave Power" is a review of Prof. Cairnes's admirable work bearing the same title. In saying that it is from the pen of J. Stuart Mill, we give our readers the best possible assurance that the review is marked by a spirit of friendliness toward the United States, and a thorough appreciation of the great struggle in which our government is involved. The appearance now of such a paper in *The Westminster* we must regard as an augury of a "better time coming," when the people of Great Britain will have corrected the false impressions in relation to the rebellion, its causes and consequences, by which they have been thus far misled. Our hopefulness in this respect finds encouragement in the tone of the following extract from a notice of Prof. Cairnes's work in the article on "Contemporary Literature," wherein, it will be seen, "symptoms of reaction in English opinion" are expressly recognized:

"It was an unavoidable misfortune that all criticism of the conflict in America should at first be directed to its deplorable consequences rather than to the nature of the conflict itself. These consequences were flagrant, overwhelming, and touching our own interests so nearly, that a calm review of the causes which had brought them about was hardly at first to be expected. Every serious effort to understand the nature and purpose of the gigantic struggle brings with it new reasons for modifying most of those opinions which were hastily advocated by the popular organs of English opinion at its first outbreak. The daily press cannot aspire to do more than to give expression to the prevailing opinions of the time; it spreads, but cannot, consistently with the very conditions of its existence, aspire to lead them. The symptoms of reaction in English opinion are now, as might be expected, becoming every day more decided, the time which has elapsed has allowed of study, the requisite information has been acquired, and before long, in spite of exasperated feeling, a more full measure of justice will be meted out to the North than it has yet received at English hands. The first indication of the reaction came from a quarter which authoritatively called upon all thinking men to pause before they joined in the popular outcry; and Mr. Mill's protest in *Frazer's Magazine*, coming as it did in the heat of our exasperation at the Trent affair, could not, in spite of its masterly clearance of all extraneous matters, at once produce its legitimate effect. But every succeeding day brings thinking men to his side, while the courage he then displayed encourages others to come forward with the results of their investigations. No subject more requires patient inquiry. The complaint of the Americans that the nature of their struggle with the South was not understood in England, though laughed at and evaded, is found to be just and true. The first detailed attempt to master the elements of the subject has been made by Mr. Cairnes, to whose scientific review of the History of Slavery in the States we have devoted a separate article, and therefore only allude to it here. With Mr. Cairnes may be associated the Count Agenor de Gasparin, who takes up the political side of the question, and subjects the whole progress of events, both in America and Europe, since the first secession of the Southern States, to a detailed criticism of which they stood greatly in need. He meets the advocates of the South at every point. The pretension of the Southern party that their only object is to relieve themselves from Northern oppression, and to protect themselves from unconstitutional attack, he reduces to its true value by pointing out, what ought to be the notorious fact, that they have in every point adopted the very Constitution from which they have seceded, that they have altered nothing, but simply added fresh and oppressive clauses on the subject of slavery. The simple fact that the only motive of secession was to secure an outlet for their system of agriculture in the South and West, is brought out by both these writers with a clearness of evidence that cuts at the very roots of the controversy. The unreasonable reply that the North is no more abolitionist than the South is shown to be only tenable by those who do not understand the immense importance of the resolution of the Republican party that slavery shall at least spread no farther. This resolution, if not immediately abolitionist, is as ultimately fatal to slavery as the most revolutionary interference with the established rights of property in America. The resolution of the Republican party to make a legal stand against that system with which America has been so long reproached by Europe, instead of awakening those sympathies which might justly have been expected, has been branded as a half measure, and a cordial recognition, which would have been of more value than an army, has been denied to a party who certainly had every reason to believe they could not fail to receive it. We are glad to see that Count Gasparin's work is about to be translated, and feel sure that it will have a great effect in aiding that change in English opinion which we look upon as inevitable. The advocates of friendly separation and European intervention to bring it about are singularly silent upon the terms they would propose, and the bases on which they imagine such a termination of the war possible. Europe could not for very shame intervene to give an extension to slavery in America, which the North has resolved shall no more be allowed to it; and is it supposed that the South would quietly submit to accept terms at the hands of Europe which they have taken up arms to resist, when merely declared desirable by their fellow-countrymen in the North? There is, however, from this very cause, very little real fear of intervention. Before any interference on the part of European governments is to be practically dreaded, some formula must be arrived at in which it could be offered to the States. The principles on which Europe, even if it had the power, which may be questioned, could assume to settle the great question at stake, are still to seek; for such bald cynicism as would be implied in putting a stop to the quarrel without entering upon its merits, would be too disgraceful to be avowed. If our only grounds of interference are a desire to escape from the disagreeable consequences which the continuance of the conflict entails upon ourselves, we should have no just cause of complaint if the antagonists were to conclude a truce for the purpose of resisting so purely selfish a proceeding. In fact, there is no possible ground of compromise; these the Americans themselves have long since exhausted. The principles at stake have now come face to face; they do not admit of mediation. The South have taken to the sword, and have but hastened the inevitable doom of that institution in whose defense they have drawn it."

SLAVERY IN SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE EX-SLAVES; or, The Port Royal Mission. By Mrs. A. M. FRENCH, Editress of the "Beauty of Holiness." New York: W. M. French.

The author of this book is the wife of the Rev. Mansfield French, of this city, whose labors among the Freedmen of South Carolina have contributed so much to the success of the great experiment of freedom there going on. Mrs. French accompanied her husband in one of his visits to Port Royal, and she has given us in this volume the results of her experience and observation among the "contrabands." In a literary point of view her book is open to criticism, but it contains facts of great practical value, well adapted to awaken sympathy for the victims of slavery, and indignation toward the oppressor. Indeed no friend of humanity can read it without being stirred to new efforts in behalf of the class for whose rights it so earnestly pleads.

SONGS OF THE FREEDMEN OF PORT ROYAL. Collected and arranged by Miss LUCY MCKIM. I. "Poor Rosy, Poor Gal."

If the reader will turn to the fourth page of this sheet, he will find a letter from Miss McKim to the editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, descriptive of the class of songs of which the one now before us is the first published specimen. Mr. Dwight, it will be seen, evinces a sympathetic appreciation of Miss McKim's efforts to make the friends of freedom at the North acquainted with the songs of the emancipated blacks. Not a few of our readers, we are sure, will be eager to obtain the first installment of the series, and we hope Miss McKim will be encouraged to publish those still left in her portfolio. "Poor Rosa, Poor Gal," is for sale at this office.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for November contains seven articles, of which we give the titles:—1. Christ the Spirit; 2. Was Thomas à Kempis the author of "The Imitation"? 3. New Translations of the "Vita Nuova"; 4. Alexis de Tocqueville; 5. Shakspeare's Sonnets and Friendship; 6. The War Policy and the Future of the South; 7. Review of Current Literature.

The first of these articles is a review of a book, by Gen. Hitchcock, of the U. S. Army, with this title: "Christ the Spirit: being an Attempt to state the Primitive View of Christianity." We have marked some portions of this article, for which we hope to find room ere long in these columns.

IMPORTANT BOOK.—We hear with great satisfaction that M. Augustin Cochin's work, "THE RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION," translated from the French by Miss MARY L. BOOTH (the translator of M. de Gasparin's works on the Great Rebellion of the Slaveholders), will shortly be published by Walker, Wise & Co. of Boston. M. Cochin is an ex-Mayor of Paris, and for this work has received the Order of Knighthood from the Pope and a prize of 3,000 francs from the French Academy. The work was written at the suggestion of Count de Montalembert, is founded entirely upon official reports, and gives the results, economical and social, of emancipation in all the countries where the experiment has been tried. Of the French edition *The Christian Examiner* says: "It is among the most remarkable, fascinating, and timely books of the year. It is, at once, cautious and eloquent, candid and enthusiastic; as sagacious as De Tocqueville's work on America; and as ardent as Victor Hugo's Legend of the Ages. It is scientific in its arrangement, accurate in its display of facts, logical in its reasoning, and clear in its conclusions." The publication of such a work at this crisis in the great American struggle between Slavery and Freedom will be a most fortunate event.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

The Army of the Potomac has changed its base of operations from Gordonsville to Acquia Creek, and the advance is to be made along the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. A glance at a map of the country north of Richmond will be sufficient to convince any one of the propriety of this movement. Fredericksburg is nearer to Richmond than Gordonsville, and will be occupied without a battle.

Gen. Burnside has officially informed the War Department that no resignations of officers in the old army of McClellan have been tendered, and that everything is going on as smoothly as could be expected.

Gen. Burnside has issued a General Order dividing the army under his command into three grand divisions, named respectively the Right, Left, and Centre Grand Divisions. The first, consisting of the Second and Ninth Corps, will be commanded by Gen. Sumner; the second, consisting of the First and Sixth Corps, will be commanded by Gen. Franklin; and the third, consisting of the Third and Fifth Corps, will be commanded by Gen. Hooker. In addition to these there will be a Corps of Reserve, consisting of the Eleventh Corps and such other troops as may hereafter be assigned to it, under command of Gen. Sigel.

A special dispatch from Warrenton, Nov. 17, to the Philadelphia *Press*, says: "Stonewall Jackson is retreating behind the Manassas Gap. He lingers in the Valley to observe our movements, and try to entrap a train of stores occasionally. In this he has failed several times of late, and he is now falling back towards Charlottesville."

We have dates from New Orleans to the 4th inst. furnishing details of the expedition under command of Gen. Weitzel. Our forces encountered the enemy in considerable strength at a place called Labadieville, and defeated them after a brisk fight and a brilliant display of generalship on the part of Gen. Weitzel. Two hundred of the enemy were killed, wounded and taken prisoners, and one piece of artillery was captured. The rebels were pursued in the direction of Berwick's Bay, where Gov. Moore was supposed to be.

The officers of the Western World arrived from Port Royal, report that 300 Rhode Island troops had proceeded by the steamer Planter, convoyed by the gunboats, on an expedition to tear up the rails on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and had met with decided success, having removed the rails for some distance, and cut the telegraph wires.

President Lincoln has issued a General Order, enjoining a more strict observance of the Sabbath in the army and navy.

The Evening Post has the best authority for stating that Gen. Cass, in a communication to the President, has expressed the fullest approval of the removal of Gen. McClellan.

While Gen. Burnside's headquarters were at Warrenton, the Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment accepted the hospitalities of a young lady of pleasing manners, living about four miles from that place, and, with a friend, galloped out one morning to breakfast. It was the old story in the history of the war—the fair one was false as fair, and the hospitality was a decoy, resulting in the capture of the luckless visitors by a squad of convenient rebels, who rudely broke in on the matinal repast, and hurried them away from the presence of the perfidious charmer.

Brilliant Success of Negro Troops.

The pretence that the negroes would not make efficient soldiers is effectually disposed of by an experiment lately made in the Department of the South. The story is told by the Rev. Mansfield French in a letter to *The Tribune*, from which we copy as follows:

"Gen. Saxton, on the 28th of October, sent the captured steamer Darlington, Capt. Crandell, down the coast of Georgia, and to Fernandina, Florida, to obtain recruits for the 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers. Lieut.-Col. O. T. Beard of the 48th New York Volunteers, was given the command of the expedition. In addition to obtaining recruits, the condition and wants of the recent refugees from slavery along the coast were to be looked into, and, if occasion should offer, it was permitted to 'feel the enemy.'

"At St. Simonds, Ga., Capt. Trowbride, with 35 men of the 'Hunter Regiment of 1st South Carolina Volunteers,' who had been stationed there for three months, together with 27 more men, were received on board. With this company of 62 men, the Darlington proceeded to Fernandina, where a meeting of the colored men was called to obtain enlistments. The large church was crowded. After addresses had been made by the writer and Col. Beard, 100 men volunteered at once, and the number soon reached about 125. Such, however, were the demands of Fort Clinch and the Quartermaster's Department for laborers, that Col. Rich, commanding the Port, consented to only 25 men leaving. The 25 men were carefully selected from among those not employed, either on the fort, or in the Quartermaster's Department, and put on board. Amid the farewells and benedictions of hundreds of their friends on shore they took their departure. On calling the roll, a few miles from port, it was found our 25 men had increased to 54. Determined not to be foiled in their purpose of being soldiers, it was found that 30 men had quietly found their way on board, just at break of day, and had concealed themselves in the hold of the ship. When asked why they did so, their reply was, 'Oh, we want to fight for our liberty and for the liberty of our wives and children.' 'But would you dare to face your old masters?' 'Oh, yes, yes; why, we would fight to de death to get our families,' was the quick response. Muskets were soon in their hands, and no time was lost in drilling them. Our steamer, a very frail one, had been barricaded around the bow and stern, and also provided with two 12-pounder Parrot guns. These guns had to be worked by black men, under the direction of the Captain of the steamer. Our fighting men numbered only about 110, and 50 of them were raw recruits. The expedition was not a very formidable one, still all seemed to have an unusual degree of confidence as to its success. What had been done the day previous, and what was accomplished on the day of sailing, is described as follows by Lieut.-Col. Beard in his report to General Saxton.

"'On Monday, Nov. 3, with the steamer Darlington, having on board Capt. Trowbridge's Company, colored troops (62), I proceeded up Bell river, Florida, drove in the rebel pickets below Cooper's, destroyed their place of rendezvous, thence proceeded and destroyed the salt works, and all the salt, corn, and waggons which we could not carry away, beside killing the horses. Thence we proceeded to Jolly river, and destroyed two salt works, with a large amount of salt and corn. Thence proceeded to St. Mary's and brought off two families of contrabands after driving in the enemy's pickets. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, proceeded to King's Bay, Georgia, and destroyed a large salt work in a creek about a mile from the landing, together with all the property on the place. Here we were attacked by about eighty of the enemy, of whom we killed two.'

"This was the first place where the troops were brought under fire. They were all, about thirty in number, just got into the small boats, when the enemy suddenly rushed out of the thick woods and fired upon them. Their condition was a perilous one, the enemy being not over ten rods distant, and the steamer still further off. Nothing daunted, the men loaded and fired coolly and incessantly, till safe on board. A warm fire was opened at once by the men from the steamer, and one of our Parrots played well its part. It was marvellous that, under so heavy a shower of bullets, not a man was wounded, though many balls were lodged in the steamer and barricades.

"Nov. 6.—The first landing this day was on Butler's Island, from which the troops brought off quite a quantity of rice. The next landing was at Darien, Ga., where two prisoners and some arms were taken. The pickets fled at the approach of our troops. Lieut. Walker, of Capt. Trowbridge's Company, who had been left in charge of part of the company on St. Simond's Island, accompanied by twenty-five men, had crossed over in small boats, a few days before our arrival, and had captured, in Darien, the Assistant Provost-Marshal. One of our new prisoners stoutly objected to being marched to the small-boat by his negro captors. He swore a white man was entitled to more respect; but the overjoyed negroes could not see the force of his argument or profanity.

"The women and children (about fifty) taken from St. Simond on the day previous were now landed for safety in St. Catherines, as a more hazardous work was to be undertaken. Much of the night was spent in getting wood for the steamer, killing beeves and cooking meats, rice and corn, for our women and children on shore, and for the troops. The men needed no 'driver's lash' to incite them to labor. Sleep and rest were almost unwelcome, for they were preparing to go up Sapelo river, along whose banks, on the beautiful plantations, were their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children. Weeks and months before some of the men had left these beloved ones, with a promise to return, 'if de good Lord jis open de word.'

"At five o'clock on Friday morning, Nov. 7, we were under way. Capt. Budd, of the gunboat Potomska had kindly promised, the evening before, to accompany us past the most dangerous places. On reaching his station in Sapelo Sound, we found him in readiness. Our little fleet, led by the Potomska, and followed by the Darlington, sailed proudly up the winding Sapelo, now through marshes, and then past large and beautiful plantations. It was very affecting to see our soldiers watching intensely the colored forms on land, one saying in the agony of deepest anxiety, 'Oh, mas'r, my wife and chillen lib dere,' and another singing out, 'dere, dere my brodder,' or, 'my sister.' The earnest longings of their poor, anguish-riven hearts for landings, and then the sad, inexpressible (except by sighs) regrets, as the steamer passed, must be imagined—they cannot be described.

"The first landing was made at a picket station on Chas. Hopkins's plantation. The enemy was driven back; a few guns and a sword only captured. The Potomska came to anchorage, for lack of sufficient water, a few miles above, at Reuben King's plantation. Here we witnessed a rich scene. Some fifty negroes appeared on the banks about thirty rods distant from their master's house, and some distance from the Darlington. They gazed upon us with intense feelings, alternately turning their eyes towards their master, who was watching them from his piazza, and toward our steamer, which as yet had given them no assurances of landing. The moment she headed for the shore, their doubts were dispersed, and they gave us such a bowing welcome as angels would be satisfied with. Some few women were so filled with joy that they ran, leaped, clapped their hands, and cried, 'Glory to God! Glory to God!'

"The Darlington rested directly in front of the old planter's door. About 80 men were formed in line of battle in the front yard, and some 30 were employed as scouts. The men were not all landed before the dark subjects of the patriarchal institution were rushing for the boat. It only required about fifteen minutes to gather their liberal supply of 'old duds.' As they were coming with bundles on their heads, children in their arms and on their shoulders, loaded also with piggins, pots, trays, chickens, ducks, and squealing little pigs, I ventured my unhallowed feet upon the piazza, when I met the planter and a widowed daughter, who was joint owner of the fleeing 'chattels.' Salutations being exchanged, I remarked to the lady, 'This is a sad morning to you.' 'Yes,' said she, 'this seems hard.' 'You may consider yourself fortunate in being thus providentially relieved of the responsibility of going to the judgment with the blood of these people upon you.' 'If it were the wish of Providence, then let him take them by death,' replied she. 'But their life is worth more than their death.' 'It is a divine institution.' 'If it were divine,' I replied, 'it would relieve them of their rags and filth, and renovate their dark and loathsome cabins, open the school-house to their children, and cease to sell husbands and wives, parents and children. You see how eagerly they rush to us, with a thousand benedictions, while they express no kind regards to you.' The good lady had no reply, except that the negroes were all their dependence.

"After relieving the old planter and daughter of seventy thousand dollars' worth of humanity, *i. e.* fifty-two slaves, and the leather of his tannery, we reëmbarked. Our boats were sent once and again, however, to the shore for men, who, having heard the steam-whistle, came in greatest haste from distant plantations.

"As the Potomska could go no further, Capt. Budd kindly offered to accompany us with one gun's crew. We were glad to have his company and the services of the crew, as we had only one gun's crew of colored men. Above us was a bend in the river, and a high bluff covered with thick woods. There we apprehended danger, for the rebels had had ample time to collect their forces. The men were carefully posted, and fully instructed as to their duties and dangers by Col. Beard. Our Parrots were manned, and everything was in readiness. No sooner were we within rifle-shot than the enemy opened on us a heavy fire from behind the bank and trees, and also from the tops of the trees. Our speed being slow, and the river's bend quite large, we were within the range of the enemy's guns for some time. How well our troops bore themselves, will be seen by Capt. Budd's testimony.

"Our next landing was made at Daniel McDonald's plantation. His extensive and valuable salt works were demolished, and he himself taken prisoner. By documents captured, it was ascertained that he was a rebel of the tallest kind. We took only a few of his slaves, as he drove back into the woods about ninety of them just before our arrival. One fine-looking man came hobbling down on a crutch. McDonald had shot off one of his legs some eighteen months before. The next plantation had some 500 slaves on it; several of our troops had come from it, and also had relatives there, but the lateness of the hour, and the dangerous points to be passed on our return, admonished us to retreat.

"Our next attack was expected at the bluff. The enemy had improved the time since we parted them, in gathering reënforcements. Col. Beard prepared the men for a warm fire. While everything was in readiness, and the steamer dropping down hard upon the enemy, the writer passed around among the men, who were waiting coolly for the moment of attack, and asked them if they found their courage failing. 'Oh no, mas'r, our trust be in de Lord. We only want fair chance at 'em,' was the unanimous reply.

"The fire was immediately opened upon us by the enemy, numbering from eighty to one hundred men. Our troops returned the fire with effect. Two of the enemy soon fell headlong from the trees, and several on the ground soon fell. Only three of our men were wounded, and they ceased not firing till the enemy had, yet the blood completely covered the face of one who had been struck by a ball in the forehead.

"Most people have doubted the courage of negroes, and their ability to stand a warm fire of the enemy. The engagements of this day were not an open field fight to be sure, but the circumstances were peculiar. They were taken by surprise, the enemy concealed, his force not known, and some of the troops had been enlisted only two days. Capt. Budd, a brave and experienced officer, and eye witness of both engagements, has kindly given his opinion, which we are sure will vindicate the policy, as well as justness of arming the colored man for his own freedom at least.

UNITED STATES STEAMER POTOMSKA,
Sapelo River, Ga., Nov. 7, 1862.

SIR: It gives me pleasure to testify to the admirable conduct of the negro troops (First S. C. Volunteers) under the command of Lieut.-Col. Beard, 48th N. Y. Volunteers, during this day's operations. They behaved splendidly under the warm and galling fire we were exposed to in the two skirmishes with the enemy. I did not see a man flinch, contrary to my expectations.

One of them particularly came under my notice, who, although badly wounded in the face, continued to load and fire, in the coolest manner imaginable.

Every one of them acted like veterans.

Very respectfully, WILLIAM BUDD,
Acting-Lieutenant Commanding Potomska.
To the Rev. M. FRENCH, Chaplain, U. S. A.

"On reaching his ship, Capt. Budd led our retreat. It had been agreed, after full consultation on the subject, that, in our descent down the river, it was best to burn the buildings of Capt. Hopkins and Col. Brailsford. Both of these places were strong picket stations, particularly the latter. Bailsford had been down with a small force a few days before our arrival at St. Catherines and shot one of our contrabands, wounded mortally, as was supposed, another, and carried off four women and three men. He had also whipped to death three weeks before a slave for attempting to make his escape. We had on board Sam Miller, a former slave, who had received over three hundred lashes for refusing to inform on a few of his fellows who had escaped. He had been the owner of several of our troops and of their friends.

"The troops landed in these places under the guns of the Potomska, and quickly did their work. At the first place a magazine was blown up. At the latter was a strong force, but the shells were too much for them. The sun had gone down when the troops landed, and the enemy had the advantage of darkness. Still our men went back nearly half a mile, firing cabins, outhouses, and finally the splendidly furnished mansion of Col. B., sparing only his sword and saddle. All this work was done in the very face and eyes of the enemy, and yet such was their terror of black men armed, that they dare not make an attack. The men all reached the steamer by the small boats without loss.

"I would here remark that the men were not allowed to take any article for their own use, nor indeed did they seem anxious to do so. To damage the rebels, rescue their friends, and show that they could be 'sojers,' seemed the one desire of their heart. It was truly surprising to see how rapidly and expeditiously they could land; after leaping from the small boats into water knee-deep, and climbing up the banks, they would rush into the woods as fearlessly as a dog after a fox. They felt perfectly at home, scouting in the woods, and were an awful terror, as we had reason to know, to the enemy. Their intimate knowledge of the rivers made them invaluable as pilots.

"On passing among the men as we were leaving the scenes of action, I inquired if they had grown any to-day; many simultaneously exclaimed: 'Oh, yes, massa, we have grown three inches.' Sam said, 'I feel a heap more of a man.' With the lurid flames still lighting up all the region behind, and the bright rays of the smiling moon before them, they formed a circle on the lower deck and around the hatchway leading to the hold, where were the women and children captured during the day, and on bended knees they offered up sincere and heartfelt thanksgivings to Almighty God for the mercies of the day. Such fervent prayers for the President, for the hearing of his proclamation by all in bonds, and for the ending of the war and slavery, were seldom if ever heard before. About one hour was spent in singing and prayer. Those waters surely never echoed with such sounds before. It really seemed, sometimes, as if we could almost hear the angels chanting over us the old song of Judea, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.'

"We refer again to Col. Beard's report. He says: 'The colored men fought with astonishing coolness and bravery. For alacrity in effecting landings, for determination, for "bush" fighting, I found them all I could desire, more than I had hoped. They behaved bravely, gloriously, and deserve all praise.'

"Our steamer left Beaufort without a soldier, and returned after an absence of twelve days with 156 fighting colored men, some of whom dropped the hoe took a musket, and were at once soldiers, ready to fight for the freedom of others. The troops made thirteen landings on the main between Fernandina and Fort Pulaski, destroying nine large salt works, together with some $20,000 worth of salt, corn, rice, horses, etc., which could not be brought away. About seventy slaves were taken from their rebel masters, while our steamers brought back the scars of one hundred and fifty of the enemy's balls. The men entered Beaufort singing the John Brown song more heartily, I venture to say, than it was ever sang before. The negroes now think they will be ready, when the brigade is completed, to take the job of putting down the rebellion."

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE ANSWER to the question, What shall be done with the freed negro? seems to be given already by passing events. A Missouri gentleman in Cincinnati, among others from that State, says many of the slaveholders have been obliged to *hire their negroes to work to gather their crops.* They have been compelled to cease flogging, for it is very easy for negroes to run away now, and not easy to catch them. The negroes are ready to work for pay, but they refuse to work for nothing. He scouts the idea of the negroes going North.

NEGRO SOLDIERS.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says: "A rebel deserter, the son of a quondam Baltimorean, now of South Carolina, and a trustworthy man, says he belonged to a regiment from that State, composed of four companies of negroes and six of whites; that the negroes were allowed to vote with the whites in the choice of their officers; that they mess and sleep together without any prejudice whatever, and that the negroes made as good soldiers as the whites."

THEY NEED THE NEGROES.—The Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard* of Oct. 7 says that the Northern and Eastern Counties of that State are in a deplorable condition. Why? "Full one-half of the negroes have been run off by the Yankees, and every species of property is constantly subject to their depredations. Every day adds to their misery, which must be enhanced by the Yankee Confiscation Act."

GEN. MILROY, in a recent General Order, says: "The General Commanding has been repeatedly pained to learn that a few bad men in some of the regiments of his command are in the habit of abusing, beating, and otherwise maltreating the negro and mulatto servants and teamsters in his command. The services of these negroes and mulattoes are necessary, and cannot be dispensed with, without taking the soldiers from their legitimate duties, which would be an injury to the service. It is therefore ordered, and hereby made the duty of every *officer and soldier* of this command to *immediately shoot down* every soldier or other person who may be causelessly abusing, beating or otherwise maltreating any of the negro or mulatto servants or drivers in or about this command."

A LOYAL OCTOROON SETTLEMENT.—A correspondent of *The Evening Post* writes: About three miles to the eastward of Fauquier Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, along a range of hills of considerable fertility, there is a large settlement of Octoroons, well-to-do in this world, and an industrious people. Its origin was in this wise: A number of poor whites, after much scuffling, managed to acquire a few acres each of the hilly region in question, and took to themselves mulatto women for wives. The present generation, some three removes down, are so white that it is difficult to detect any trace of African blood in their veins. The whole settlement is for the Union."

GEN. TAYLOR'S PLANTATION.—A report lately obtained circulation in many of the newspapers that Gen. Taylor's plantation, near New Orleans, was sacked by the soldiers of the Vermont Eighth Regiment. The officers of the regiment contradict the statement in a Vermont paper. They say that before the troops arrived at the plantation, the overseer had run away, taking with him everything valuable belonging to the estate. The negroes of the plantation had, after their master left, taken possession of the wines and some trinkets which had not been removed by the overseer, and had taken them to their shanties. When the troops arrived, the grounds were strewn with papers which the negroes had taken and opened.

CONTRABANDS AT CAIRO.—The Chicago *Tribune* makes these statements regarding contrabands at Cairo: "There have not arrived there to exceed 2,500 contrabands. The number is now reduced to less than 700, these being mostly the families of blacks who are in government employ, and women with large families of children. All men, boys and young women, or women with only a single child, have been rapidly taken up by the demand for labor, and the books at Cairo show that three Democrats to one Republican have made application and secured them. Of the number that have arrived at Cairo, 200 are employed upon government work, where each takes the place of a soldier. To the latter, the government pays $20 per month. To the black laborer, $10 is paid, or $7 in cash and $3 in clothing.

Two army officers have been arrested in Jersey County, Ill., for bringing negroes into the State, the penalty of which is a fine of $100 to $500, and imprisonment in the county jail not more than one year.

ALLEGED FUGITIVE SLAVES RELEASED.—Yesterday morning, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, a squad of the Provost Guard, numbering about twenty-five men, under command of Lieut. Brannin, entered the District jail and presented to the guard then on duty an order, of which the following is a copy:

HEADQUARTERS PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, November 10, 1862.

Lieut. Brannin is directed to proceed to the city jail and obtain the bodies of Sandy and Rachel Sutherland, peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must, and deliver them both to Mr. Nichols, Superintendent of the contraband quarters.

W. E. DOSTER,
Lieut.-Colonel and Provost-Marshal.

The negroes designated in the above order were arrested by Detective officers Allen and Wise, under a writ issued by Mr. Samuel L. Phillips, one of the Commissioners under the Fugitive Slave law, upon the oath of Mr. Wm. H. Mitchell, of Charles Co., Maryland, who claimed ownership of the said negroes. The man was committed to jail on the 7th of the present month, and the woman on the 16th instant. No resistance was made by the guard at the jail to the military authority under which the alleged slaves were released, but they were delivered up under protest. Yesterday, by request of the jailor, Mr. Benedict Mihurn, a receipt was given for them, which stated upon its face that *they were received of the jail guard by force and against remonstrance.*—*National Intelligencer, 13th.*

[The negroes came into our lines at Acquia Creek, and had the military protection of Gen. Wadsworth, usually given to contrabands. They have both been in government employ—the man at the Patent-Office Hospital, and the woman at Hartwood.]

SHREWDNESS OF CONTRABANDS.—A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing on board the U. S. steamer Madgie, St. Simon's Sound, Ga., Oct. 31, says: An incident took place on our station a few days ago, which, though unimportant in its results, shows the shrewdness and pluck of some of our contraband soldiers. It seems that one of the darkies on St. Simon's Island, who has been very successful in running off his family and friends from the main land, while on one of his expeditions, learned that a Mr. Thompson, a prominent man of Liberty County, and Captain of a picket guard, made his headquarters at a certain house in Darien, so he took fifteen men, and piloted them up the Altamaha River, and landed at Darien at midnight.

They proceeded to the house pointed out, and a man answering to Thompson's description appearing at the door, they seized him and hurried him on board the boat, but found, after having gone some distance from the town, that they had not Thompson, but a New Bedford man, Obed Parlon by name. He states that he has a wife and family North, but refuses to take the oath of allegiance; for that reason he is kept in confinement, and is to be sent North.

There was quite a commotion on St. Catherine's Island, near which was then our station, last week, on account of a rebel raid among the darkies. An overseer of Mr. Waldberg, who owns the island, came over in the night for the purpose of securing some of his valuable hands, who he supposed had escaped from the mainland to their former home on the Island. After shooting two and wounding another who tried to escape, they captured four of the most likely ones, and left. If the government would allow a sufficient number of troops here, we might have captured these bold rebels, but, with the force at our disposal, we could not operate successfully ashore, and still protect our vessel in a proper manner.

On this island (St. Simon's) there are about 500 fugitives, with constant additions from the mainland, who are governed by an army Captain, whose headquarters are at the mansion of T. Butler King. He has a large number of acres under cultivation, and has established schools where the ideas of scores of young darkies are taught to shoot. A large part of the exercises seem to consist in singing the celebrated song in which it is promised to hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree, etc.

WHAT THE NEGROES WANT.—Northern pro-slavery partisans are continually asserting that the negroes at the South will not work if they are freed, but will become a curse to themselves and the land, through idleness and vice; also that they will overrun the North. Here is what the Corinth (Miss.) correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, a pro-slavery paper, says of the disposition of the contrabands in that vicinity. Practical observation is worth more than all the theories in the world:

"I have made a visit to the negro corral, two miles out from the town proper. There I found some three hundred creatures, old men, women and children. The women were washing, cooking, etc.; all doing something. Those whom I questioned had no idea what would become of them—they 'low'd to foller de army,' they supposed. Not one of them wished to go back to their masters, if they could—said they *wanted to work for themselves.* This idea is universal with them—they seem to understand that much. I could not see any yearning to go North—they prefer to stay here, if they can work for themselves. So many a negro man has expressed himself here within my hearing. The Captain of the regiment who guards the negro corral, corroborated this statement, when made to him. I state these facts as I find them, leaving your readers to draw their own conclusions. These negroes work, they expect to work, I am satisfied. The prevalent idea that their notion of freedom is not to work does not hold good in this region. As teamsters and laborers, our army quartermasters give them full and good credit. Amid their depths of degradation and vice let us of the North be willing to do them honest justice, when due, and in full measure."

SUFFERING AMONG THE NEGROES.—*Fortress Monroe, Nov. 8.*—The sudden shutting down of Winter has caused much suffering and wretchedness among the negro population here, for whom there appears to be no adequate provision. In the vicinity of Camp Hamilton there are two hundred persons, mostly women and children, huddled together in a barn, into which the wind and rain find ready access. The stalls, recently vacated by horses, are used to sleep in. Fires are built on the ground, along the middle of the building, which is necessarily filled with smoke, and in constant danger of taking fire. The wretched inmates are, as a general thing, even more destitute of clothing and shoes, particularly the women and children, than of shelter. A certain amount of food is supplied, but the means of cooking are wholly insufficient. There is still greater destitution of blankets, indeed, almost everything necessary to the comfort of human beings. Their condition has been presented to the Contraband Superintendent, who says he can do nothing for them. Their numbers are augmenting, and their condition cannot be expected to improve. From lack of ability or disposition the proper provision cannot be expected here. Though the situation of these wretched beings—the type of many more—demands the attention and calls upon the government for a thorough reform in the Administration of its contraband system, or of the system itself. I refer to the subject only to awaken the sympathies of the truly charitable. Beside the instance I have cited there are plenty of other cases. Shoes, especially for the women and children, blankets, underclothing and socks for all are what is wanted. Sentiment and less practical sympathy will do at some other time and in some other place. The field is one where philanthropy, directed by practical good sense, can find enough to do.—*Tribune.*

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.—A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Warrenton, Va., Nov. 9, says: Many of the negroes have been carried South on the approach of our army. Many more have escaped to the North. The slaveholders talk of the latter with great bitterness, thus: "If they were not the most treacherous people in the world, they would not desert us now. I have a negro boy of eighteen, a body servant, whom I have raised as kindly as one of my own children. He never had much to do, and never knew what it was to want for anything. Yet—will you believe it, sir?—a week ago he saw three cavalry men down the road, and went up to them and asked, 'You are what they call Yankees, I reckon?' They were really Confederate soldiers, but one of them replied, 'Yes, we are Yankees.' 'Well,' says he, 'you come here to-night, and I'll show you where you can get two of my master's best horses—the best horses in this country.' They came back and told me, and when I spoke to the boy about it, he never denied it, but said it was true! I never punished him, or even reprimanded him for it. The treacherous scoundrel! If he wants to leave me, I am willing he should go."

This is the general expression. Little effort is made to reclaim slaves who decamp. The conviction seems to be general that the institution is destroyed in this part of Virginia. Still, the negroes who remain at home are treated with unwonted deference and kindness. Sambo is master of the situation, and no one knows it better than himself. There is some complaint of "Impudence" concerning those who remain—old men, women, and children—but none of general insubordination. I hear none of them express personal ill-will toward their masters; on the contrary, they generally speak of them kindly. Affection for them is often warm; but, as with all humanity, the instinct of freedom is stronger than any other feeling.

THE NEGROES LOYAL.—*Near Ashby's Gap, Va., Nov. 4.*—The slaves come into our lines, act as guides, and give whatever information they can. "Which side are you on, boys?" asked Gen. Gorman of a large party standing on the roadside to see the column pass. "The Union, sir, *of course*," responded half a dozen voices. "Do you want to carry information to the rebels?" inquired an officer of another who asked a pass to go home, outside of our lines. "Not I. We are no friends to them. Your army is all our hope, sir." "Well, uncle" (to the gray-headed patriarch who tottered around to the farm-house-gate with my horse this morning), "are you a rebel like everybody else here?" "No, sir, what should *I* be a rebel for? I should have come to you all before, but a good many colored people who did were brought back when Harper's Ferry was taken, and are worse off than if they had staid at home. So I'm just watching and waiting."

Even this old negro, almost ready to tumble into the grave, could not repress his aspiration for liberty. There are four million of his race to-day, whose condition he exactly describes, who with him are "watching and waiting." I have never yet encountered one, however ignorant and degraded, who failed to manifest an interest in the war—who did not recognize our troops as friends.—*Tribune.*

THE NEGRO AN INVALUABLE AID.—A correspondent of *The Independent*, writing at Port Royal, S. C., Oct. 14, says: "It was a negro who saved the expedition to St. John's River, Florida, from utter failure, and the troops from probable ruin. On reaching the mouth of the river, it appears that there was no way for the troops to get in the rear of the battery on the Bluff except by marching for forty miles around the head of Pablo and Mt. Pleasant Creeks. They must carry their rations, and the sick or weary must be left by the roadside to be murdered by the guerillas of the enemy. The troops would reach the scene of action utterly exhausted, and, if defeated, would be likely to be annihilated. Yet there was no alternative, and the order for the desperate march was given.

"But, about midnight, a negro came from shore and told the General of a point of land where the troops might land with ease and safety, and by a march of some eight or ten miles would reach a spot where they could cover the landing of cavalry and artillery, and from thence by a march of four miles could reach the battery from the rear. He described the roads, and gave all needful information as to the topography of the region with perfect clearness and absolute accuracy. His advice was adopted; the enemy found themselves assailed from a side where they had not dreamed of attack, and fled precipitately. We owe the bloodless victory of St. John's Bluff, and the opening of St. John's River, to the bravery and intelligence of a negro (no longer, thank God, a slave).

"And they are our natural, unbought allies. They know by instinct that there is friendship between us and that the rebels are their enemies—*e. g.:* I was walking through one of the streets of Jacksonville, about half-past seven o'clock on Monday evening, when a mulatto woman said to me: "Sir, I think that Gen. Finnigan went down that street just now." (Gen. F. was the commander of the rebel forces in Florida, and had charge of the battery.) She pointed down a cross road, where the forms of two persons could be seen vanishing in the thickening darkness. Alone and unarmed, I could only summon the patrol, and in the delay the suspected persons escaped. But the incident shows the ready trust they place in us, and their willingness to serve us.

"We brought away some 500 to 600 contrabands from Jacksonville and vicinity.

"A very intelligent man, a resident of Jacksonville, said to me: 'The people will be ruined—they will be helpless. Here are men who have been supported by the wages their negroes have earned. Now the negroes are going away. How will they live? Next spring, when it is time to plant, who will do the work?' I saw a very intelligent negro, property of Rev. Mr. Duval, Methodist minister in Jacksonville. The man is a drayman. He used to bring in to the Rev. owner from $3 to $7 a day. Now he is gone, Rev. Mr. D. must henceforth "live of the Gospel."

Speaking of slaveholding divines, reminds me of a reply which amused me very much. On James Island, I employed a negro who came from a place not far from Charleston. I asked him what was his master's name. He replied: "His name? Parson Prentiss, sir." "Oh, he was parson, was he? and what was his persuasion?" I inquired. "His persuasion? Oh, he lick um studdy (steady), sir," was his reply. A tolerably extensive branch of the Church South, is it not?

NEW ENGLAND.

MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exorcise all the devils, that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history.

Summary.

The Anglo African says that it learns from Mrs. Lizzie Keckley, the presiding officer of the Contraband Relief Association of Washington, that Mrs. Abraham Lincoln has made to her the generous contribution of two hundred dollars, for the relief of the suffering freedmen in and around Washington.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The Governors of the following States have recommended Thursday, November 27, to be observed as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer: New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Rhode Island, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Missouri.

THE HOPEDALE COMMUNITY.—We understand that the Hopedale people, who have not been given to voting for the last twenty or thirty years, went to the polls, on the day of the late election, and gave their support unanimously to the Republican candidates. The effect of this is seen in the healthy change which has taken place in the vote of the town of Milford.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

TAKE NOTICE.—As inquiries are frequently made for William A. Jackson—Jefferson Davis's late coachman in Richmond, who adroitly made his escape to the Federal lines, and has since been lecturing in this quarter on the rebellion and slavery—we would state that he has sailed for England, where he deems his testimony more wanted, by the perverted state of public sentiment in that country, than it is here. We trust he will meet with a kind reception.—*Liberator.*

NOT TO BE SOLD.—A colored voter of New Bedford, Massachusetts, was asked what ticket he intended to vote, to which he replied: "The Republican." "How much will you ask," inquired his interrogator, "to vote the People's ticket?" The colored man answered: "I have not much principle now; if I should sell that, I will not have any left."

TO BE CALLED TO ACCOUNT.—Information having been received by the War Department that certain military commanders in Kentucky have, in violation of the act of Congress, been returning fugitive slaves from within our lines to loyal as well as rebel masters, the Secretary of War has ordered the report of alleged transactions to be made to the War Department, in order that officers thus violating the laws of the United States may be duly punished.—*Times.*

A NEGRO TRAGEDY IN MARYLAND.—*Baltimore, Nov. 2.*—*The American* has a letter from Dutton, in Caroline County, in this State, giving an account of the lynching of a negro under arrest for the outrage and murder of a little girl, daughter of Edgar Plummer. On Saturday night, a large number of excited people came into the town, surrounded the jail, forced open the doors, and took the prisoner out and hung him. While suspended, forty-five bullets perforated his body. *He was then cut down, and his throat cut by the infuriated mob. The body was dragged through the streets, and finally to the front of the negro church, where it was cut in pieces and burnt.* [This is the diabolical spirit engendered by slavery.]

THE TEST.—The Chicago *Tribune*, speaking of the manner in which the removal of Gen. McClellan was received in that city, says: "It was noticeable—and we call the attention of our readers to the test, as equally available at all times—that if any individual was heard loudly exclaiming against the measure, you had only to ask a single further question to ascertain that he was of that stamp that believes devoutly that Abolitionists are worse than rebels. No other class are pall-bearers for McClellan or Buell."

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.—An officer in one of the Rhode Island Batteries while at Fitz John Porter's headquarters on Wednesday, remarked, "After this we may as well give up, and acknowledge the independence of the rebels." Half an hour later he was surprised by a summons to Burnside's headquarters. He admitted he made the remark, but stated that he did so under excitement, and said more than he meant. "You have now an opportunity to retract it," said Burnside; "but if I were not personally acquainted with your antecedents and loyalty, you would have been instantly dismissed. Neither you nor any other officer, high or low, can utter such sentiments and remain in the army." The offender made a full retraction and apology.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—The Louisville *Journal* closes a long and bitter tirade against the President's proclamation of freedom as follows:

"It is perfectly clear that the proclamation amounts to nothing, and that it cannot be made to amount to anything. It is an affair from which, so far as any practical operation is concerned, the Radicals have nothing to hope, and the conservatives, whether North or South, nothing to fear."

Well, if it is nothing to you, why make an ado about it? It is certainly a great deal to us, to your native New England, to a large majority of the hearty opponents of the rebellion, and still more to four million of loyal inhabitants of the rebel States. Since it is so much to us and nothing at all to you, why not keep quiet and let us have our way?—*Tribune.*

THE PROCLAMATION ABROAD.—We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter from our Consul-General at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in Germany, to a high official of our city, dated the 21st ult.:

"The Emancipation proclamation gives very general satisfaction. *It has increased the value of American securities held here*, and likewise made us hosts of friends."

When we consider that Frankfort is the chief financial centre of Germany, as New York is of our own country, the importance of the fact above stated cannot be overestimated. It shows how that great act of the President is viewed by impartial minds in a city where aristocratic and absolute jealousies have not the power which they exert in England and France, and at a distance from all influences of party and passion, which blind so many here, and which enable falsehood, in the interest of treason, to obtain so strong a foothold among us.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Express professes to have advices "from Washington" to the following effect:

"NEGROES GOING BACK TO THEIR MASTERS.—It is stated by Abolitionists, as well as colored people in Washington, that considerable numbers of contrabands have returned to their old masters *or localities*, the reason given being that the work occasionally required of them by the government is not the kind that suits them, nor are they in so comfortable a position otherwise as they expected."

—As this is a very old story and will doubtless be stated a hundred times hereafter, we propose to bring it for once to the test of facts. We demand of *The Express* the names of the "Abolitionists, as well as colored people in Washington," who have "stated" anything like the above; and we will pay a reward of $50 for the names and residences of *ten* able-bodied adult slaves who, having been freed since the commencement of this war, have voluntarily returned to slavery. Will *The Express* undertake to supply them?—*Tribune.*

A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY.—It has transpired that the rebel Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, killed at Shiloh, concerted a nice plan to possess the secessionists of California at the beginning of the rebellion. He was in command at San Francisco. At a given time the secessionists were to take the forts with his connivance, and seize 60,000 stand of arms shipped there by Floyd for the very purpose. San Francisco at their mercy, must have succumbed, and the rebels would thus have had a port in which to fit out privateers, and would likewise have obtained control of the vast treasures of the State. The fact was either suspected or known at Washington. Brig.-Gen. E. V. Sumner was appointed to the command in California, and was privily put on board ship at sea, arriving at San Francisco without previous intimation of his coming. He walked, incognito, to the office of Johnston, informed him that he was his successor, showed him his papers, and demanded immediate possession. The astonished rebel had no alternative but to comply. In half an hour after all the guns of the forts were run out on the land side, and heavily shotted. The same evening, the 60,000 stand of arms at Benicia were secured. This brilliant, but quiet, *coup d'etat* saved the El Dorado State.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

TESTIMONY OF AN ENEMY.—The Boston *Herald* (Dem.) has a Washington letter which states that the freeing of the slaves in the District of Columbia "has made little or no change in their domestic condition. Most of them still remain with their former masters and mistresses, while not a single one can be induced to leave the District." In other words, the freedmen generally work for their old masters and mistresses, having bargained with them to do so for stipulated wages, which are paid them; and this is all that emancipation amounts to. No one of them was killed or wanted to kill anybody; they only wanted pay for their work, and this they are now receiving. As to coming North, we have not heard that one of them has done so. Not many years hence, the bitter hostility to emancipation, the foul abuse of its advocates, now current, will be looked back upon with amazement. Men who are now most violent anti-Abolitionists will deny that they ever were such, and pretend that they were only opposed to slave insurrections, negro suffrage, or something else than freedom. The world *does* move!—*Tribune.*

A STRIKING CONTRAST.—We printed lately the vote by townships of St. Lawrence County, showing majorities for Wadsworth of each of the 29 townships ranging from 589 in Potsdam down to 24 in Pitcairn, one of the smallest. St. Lawrence is peopled almost entirely by substantial farmers, who own their own farms, make butter and cheese, take newspapers, have seats in churches which they helped to build, and are among the most virtuous, intelligent and independent yeomanry on earth. Such a people vote according to their convictions and their sense of patriotic duty, and are, in the noblest and truest sense, conservative—not of slavery, tippling and vice, but of justice, right and virtue.

Contrasted with this vote of the farmers, we present below the vote of 39 Election Districts in our city, containing about an equal number of inhabitants with St. Lawrence County, but conspicuous for their haunts of lewd and vicious resort, and for the degraded, ignorant and criminal character of a large share of their population. These 39 Election Districts figure on our Police-books as containing 2,743 groggeries, 279 notorious brothels, 170 places wherein thieves and ruffians habitually resort, 105 policy-shops, with gambling and dance-houses to match; and their vote for Governor at the late election was cast as follows:

Ward. Dis.	Wadsw'th.	Sey'r.	Ward. Dis.	Wadsw'th.	Sey'r.
I..1	74	344	XIV..2	23	329
2	37	365	4	31	324
3	42	322	9	38	331
IV..2	53	408	XVII..9	22	313
3	25	271	14	26	321
4	13	198	15	49	280
*5	8	182	16	81	317
*6	7	178	17	40	316
7	17	255	18	53	355
VI..3	25	231	XVIII ‖12	53	570
†5	20	392	13	34	351
†6	33	420	XIX..2	74	325
9	18	254	XX..1	47	226
VII..2	45	358	5	56	351
5	77	354	8	79	320
‡10	40	365	XXII..2	96	305
XI..2	45	373	12	29	229
7	22	316			
13	29	284	Total, 39 D'ts.	1,681	12,664
XII..5	52	384	Seymour's majority.		10,981
XIII..3	76	400	or more than his entire majority in the State.		
4	92	347			

* Water street dance houses. † Five Points. ‡ Corlaer's Hook. ‖ Mackerellville.

—As there may possibly be some fool who is fool enough to believe that Republicans, or at least Abolitionists, are champions of *Free Love*, we beg such fool to scan carefully the vote of the "Water street," "Five Points" and "Hook" Districts above given, and have his eyes opened.—*Tribune.*

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Receipts for October.

E. H. Magill,	$5 00	M. A. Evans,	$1 00
J. Child,	5 00	Rebecca Potts,	10 00
Wm. H. Hall,	1 00	H. Meredith,	1 00
S. H. Comly,	1 00	Wm. Jackson,	1 00
B. P. Hunt,	5 00	Thos. Whitson,	5 00
George D. Parrish,	50 00	Elizabeth French,	2 00
Dr. J. H. and R. B. Moore,	20 00	G. and A. Heacock,	2 00
A Friend,	10 00	Col. at An. Meeting,	133 50
Wm. Ingram,	5 00	Wm. A. Speakman,	5 00
B. Morgan,	1 50	John Hall,	10 00
Wm. Malin,	10 00	Mary Richards,	5 00
D. Potts, Jr.,	100 00	S. J. Harris,	3 00
E. Whitehead,	5 00	Joseph Smith,	10 00
Abby Goodwin,	5 00	Isaac Ivins,	5 00
Ann Haslem,	10 00	William Justice,	20 00
J. S. Mason,	10 00	James A. Wright,	50 00
H. and M. Stickney,	2 00	Thomas Wakeman,	5 00
Jane Sill,	10 00	E. Black,	2 00
Thos. Stradling,	2 00	E. and S. Ely,	2 00
Kesiah Hayhurst,	3 00	D. Hannah Longshore,	5 00
A. Bradfield,	2 00	Receipts for National A. S. Standard,	226 00

SARAH PUGH, Treasurer.

[The sum of $10 credited to I. and D. Mendenhall in the account of collections at the Annual Meeting in West Chester, published in THE STANDARD of Nov. 8, was contributed by *Joseph* Mendenhall of Wilmington.—*Editor.*]

Advertisements.

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE." Eyes, Ears, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Neck, Hands, Feet, Skin, with "SIGNS OF CHARACTER," and how to read them, given in

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N.B. A communication will receive prompt attention.

Miscellaneous Department.

Published originally in The Commonwealth

THE MASSACHUSETTS JOHN BROWN SONG.

"*I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me.*"—*Isaiah, lxiii.*

Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the dust,
Old John Brown's rifle 's red with blood-stains turned to rust,
Old John Brown's pike has made its last, unflinching thrust:
His Soul is marching on!

John Brown was John the Baptist, who showed the coming Lord—
A hero true and tender as ever wore a sword,
And in the noble Army of Martyrs to the word
His Soul is marching on!

The car of fire descrying beyond the prison-gloom,
Of all that crowd the calmest, he marched to meet his doom;
The Church, the Bride, no gladder shall go to meet the Groom.
His Soul is marching on!

For treason hung because he struck at treason's root,
When soon Palmetto-tree had ripened treason's fruit,
His dust disquieted stirred at Sumter's last salute,—
His Soul is marching on!

Who cometh here from Edom, his garments rolled in blood?
John Brown! who sees the wine-press of the wrath of God
No more by him alone but by a people trod.
His Soul is marching on!

"Thou soul the altar under, for crown of martyrdom!
Thy cry 'How long, O Lord?' no longer finds me dumb;
March on!" calls Christ, "the year of my redeemed is come."
His Soul is marching on?

"And ye, the Army of the Lord, his wine-press tread!
March on! mine angels fill the air above your head,
On earth beside you march the Army of the Dead."
His Soul is marching on!

The pitcher now of compromise away is thrown!
The lamp of faith flames out, and by its light is drawn
The sword of the Lord, and of Old John Brown!
His Soul is marching on!

We've sung the name that makes Virginia's color fade,
Upon the soil that loyal blood has sacred made;
The day has dawned, for which John Brown so often prayed.
His Soul is marching on!

The Lord hath bared his arm! then make we bare our own!
For God and Country strike the fiend Rebellion down.
For Freedom and the Right! remember Old John Brown!
His Soul is marching on!

Sept. 22, 1862. L. H.

THE PROCLAMATION IN EUROPE.

Correspondence of The Methodist.

PARIS, Oct. 17, 1862.

THE President's proclamation has now been noticed in nearly all the French journals. It is not necessary for me to cite passages; the sum of it all is, pretty much as at home, the Union papers praise the proclamation, while the secession journals abuse it. The only fault found with it by the Liberal journals is its lawyer-like tone, and the absence of any elevated morality of language in the document. Mr. Seward's circular letter accompanying the proclamation is also the subject of sharp criticism. *The Presse* cites the circular as characterizing the proclamation simply as *a military act*, and adds that this "is not very satisfactory to those who would wish to see in it a *moral* act."

The Opinion Nationale of yesterday comments on the statement of the Richmond papers that "the black flag is to be raised," etc., in the following terms: "What did they expect? We have all along predicted the very state of things which now exists. The slaveholders have enjoyed long enough the advantages of a great crime against humanity; they have long enough lived in a luxury purchased by the liberty and lives of millions of their fellow-men. Justice always comes at last, and her work must now be done. We should have preferred a peaceful solution of the slavery question, but the partisans of the system themselves have drawn the sword. Mr. Lincoln has hesitated long, but at last he has placed the question of the war on its true basis. Public opinion will approve the act. As for the South, if it really fears a servile war, all it has to do to prevent it is to free the slaves itself."

If any argument is wanting to satisfy the loyal people of the Northern States of the wisdom and policy of the President's proclamation, they will find it in the furious anger of the anti-Union journals of England. These papers hardly pretend now to any anti-slavery sentiment; under the thinnest of possible disguises, they actually teach doctrines that would do credit to Charleston or New Orleans. Their hatred of the free people of the North appears to grow more intense and malignant just in proportion as the probability of freedom to the colored race increases. I verily believe that the present leaders of public opinion in England will be mourners, as sincere as can be found in rebeldom, over the destruction of African slavery.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

TURIN, Oct. 14, 1862.

The proclamation of the President, by which slavery is to be abolished in all the rebel States on Jan. 1, has raised the bile of all the open or disguised pro-slavery papers in England and France, who for a moment have succeeded in making the European public believe that the measure is nothing more than a paper demonstration, affirming glittering generalities, without any practical result. We all wait now for the manner in which Mr. Lincoln's proclamation is to be expounded by the Generals in command. If their action gives life to the President's words, all the intrigues of the pro-slavery party are undone. In fact, it was high time that the American government should at last proclaim the object for which so much blood is shed. Napoleon waited only for good tidings from his army in Mexico in order to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and Gladstone's and Palmerston's words and deeds seemed to indicate that England, too, is preparing for joining in such a policy. The public, deeply wounded in all the commercial interests by the struggle across the ocean, could not reconcile itself to the idea that the honest laborers of Lancashire and Southern France should starve in order to save the American Union, but they submit to the greatest sacrifices, if they see that it is the price of liberty for many millions of suffering brethren in the South. A friend of mine writes me from Lancashire: "Our prospects are gloomier than ever. Every substitute tried for cotton fails. Neither India nor the Colonies can give us next year half what we need. Our workmen have already emptied themselves of all they had; before the Winter is ended, the very wealthiest of them will probably have spent the savings of their lives; and if the next winter is terrible in prospect, it is to be feared that the year after and the Winter after next will be prodigiously worse, if the workmen, as hitherto, do nothing but *wait* and *hope*."

Such a view as that of my friend is now taken by many Englishmen, and the idea of a vast, immediate emigration of the distressed workmen to the United States takes root, and I hope that in the coming Spring you will get a considerable increase of English immigrants, different in its character from the Irish emigration.

BEECHER ON SEWARD AND LINCOLN.

From The Independent, Nov. 13.

THE same fatal influence at the centre paralyzed the Cabinet, tied up the President, and laid a spell upon the army. What that influence was, and by whom wielded, it will be the business of the future to search out. Another chapter is to be added to the history of renowned folly and illustrious weakness.

Then, it may be, some Macaulay will leave to us such a portrait as this: "Chief in latent influence was a man of ideas which had no physical consequences. An optimist—not without sagacity in merely intellectual problems, but foolish in affairs. He had the very conceit of hope. So certain was he of the favorable tendencies of great natural causes that he scarcely deemed it needful to exert special volitions under them. He was wise in ideas, and foolish in things. Whatever could be settled by thinking he managed skillfully. But it was his infatuation to suppose that all things could be managed by thinking. He was an idealist—rich in the top of his brain; lean and feeble in the bottom. So, all matters that lay upon the earth he treated as if they were shadows, that came and went, without human volition, by the movements of the sun. His realities began where common men's ended, in the realm of mere ideas. He was utterly devoid of the instincts of physical forces. He could hate, but could not fight. Without wisdom in direction of practical affairs, he had such acuteness, ingenuity and mind force, that his criticisms and judgments weighed much in the shaping of other men's practical policies. His inordinate hopefulness lit up the future with perpetual brightness, and led him to frequent prophecies. And, like all uninspired prophets, the failure of his predictions abated no jot of confidence in his prevision, and he still covered old disappointments with new promises. He was at once the zealot and the coward of the Administration."

By the side of such a mind was placed a man remarkable in not a few respects. Genial, kind to a fault, but, above all, with strong instincts of justice, with strong but homely sense, and with a reasoning faculty unusual in its methods, slow and odd, yet at length reaching broad results, and generally sound ones. Well versed in local politics, but untrained in national administration, he became the President of the United States, divided at a time that required the utmost human sagacity, joined to firmness and decision. He was both firm and facile, obstinate yet changeable. Resisting persuasion and reasonings with singular constancy, he was liable, in certain moods, to accept sudden and unripe advice, and to precipitate rash action. Mistakes arising from these cause, served not so much, through experience, to produce sagacity as to render him fearful of other mistakes, and so, of following any counsel. Upon such a mind the confident counsels of an optimist, whose future was all bright, who was insensible to physical reality, who found little difficulty in the administration of mere ideas, could not fail to be great. When, in perilous times, a President is slow from conscientious timidity, his worst counsellor is one who, from excess of hope, tells him that there is no need of action, and that waiting is wisdom.

TOO MUCH SAND IN THE BRICKS.

[Extract from Rev. Robert Collyer's "Fraternity Lecture," delivered in Boston, Oct. 22.]

THERE was once a Scotch Corporation who wanted to build a bridge. They got a good plan and good men to work it. The bridge was built, and the day came to open it. The notable men of the county were all present: they had speeches and music, and a good time. The props were knocked away from the arches, the people shouted, and then the bridge with one great crash went down. I will not describe the dismay that came with the ruin. The plans were reconsidered; they were said to be just right: the workmen were examined; they were not to blame—nobody was to blame; but then the bridge was certainly under instead of over the water, and they must have a bridge. So there was nothing for it but to try again.

This time they got a plan that was better, if possible, than the last. It was certainly different and cost a mint of money. A new builder took charge of the work; the bridge was built still more carefully; the day came to open it, and the music and the men. The props were knocked away again, the people shouted again, the music sounded, the bridge stood beautiful in strength and symmetry—the realization of all their desire. It stood fast for a minute, and then the arch lifted and the whole thing went down again. So there was another great consultation, and that bid fair to follow the bridge, when an old man, a practical mason, came forward with a piece of brick, and crumbling it to powder in his fingers, said, "Gentlemen, your plans were good, and your builders were good, but your bricks were bad. There was too much sand in your clay. The Lord never meant a bridge to be built out of such brick as that; He did not make this world so that you *could* build a good bridge out of bad stuff, and so your bridge will keep on going down until you take that sand out of your material."

Now if you ask me to tell you what I think first of all and worst of all were the causes of this ruin that is all about us to-day; why the stately structure built by the fathers has gone down with a great crash, I should answer with this old man, there was too much sand in the brick; if you ask me why Abraham Lincoln does not succeed better in rebuilding, I shall still answer because there is too much sand in the bricks, and if you ask me whether he will ultimately succeed, I shall say it depends upon whether he has resolved to use nothing but good bricks. The Lord has made this world in such a way that speeches, and music, and shouting are of no use to keep a bridge standing when the props are knocked away. It depends, then, on the bricks, and prayers and fast-days will be worthless to build with if he build with bad brick. If Cabinet and commanders are sandy—if sand has got into the key-stones, then we shall keep on going down to the end of the chapter. The sand of slavery in our Commonwealth has brought this ruin; the sand of slavery has beaten out all our efforts at restoration up to this time, and if the great worker and those that help him do not shovel it out of the way, the structure can never be restored.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE JEWISH ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATED POPULAR LEGEND, "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

As the occupation and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend, "The house that Jack built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet, such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of *The Congregational Magazine*, I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. N. Leberecht, Leipzic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sepher Haggadah, vol. 23.

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Romans or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the Caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.—*London Congregational Magazine.*

WOMAN—1862.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

As though no shade of human wrong fell darkly on their beauty,
And all men walked in brotherhood the shining ways of duty,
The blessed summer days glide by in calm and sweet succession;
God writes on Nature's palace-walls no curse against oppression.

The strong man arms him for the fight; he hears the bugle calling;
And while between the patriot-shouts her tears have time for falling,
Pale woman plies the threaded steel, and shapes her lips to singing,
But still with every stitch she draws the pearls of prayer is stringing.

She thinks of those whose wounds are fresh; of those in death-sleep lying,
Whose brows of youth and manhood won their brightest crowns in dying;
She thinks of others brave and true, hid in the smoke of battle,
Where bayonets gleam, and cannon roar, and bullets hiss and rattle.

She shudders while the words of fate along the wires are chasing,
Or trembling waits the hurried line some comrade may be tracing;
Her heart grows faint; she lifts her hands in anguished imploration;
"God save my soldier!" first she prays, and then, "God save the nation!"

And when she moans: "The very thought of loss doth overcome me!"
Crying: "If it be possible, O, let this cup pass from me!"
God chides her not if, choked with sobs, she adds to her petition
But brokenly Christ's after words of meekness and submission.

He saw her pale with victory in the dark hour of trial,
When Self lay slain, and sorrowing Love was fettered with denial:
And the Divine One, who alone can clearly read the human,
Traces the hero's autograph through tear-blots of the Woman.

Portsmouth, N. H. —*Independent.*

MISS DICKINSON'S FRATERNITY LECTURE.

From The Boston Journal, Nov. 12.

THE sixth lecture of the Fraternity course was delivered last evening at Tremont Temple, by Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia, before a large audience, on the theme, "A Plea for Woman." Miss Dickinson is a graceful and earnest speaker, and enchained her hearers for nearly two hours with her appeals in behalf of woman, which pleadings rose to impassioned eloquence as she depicted the misery and wretchedness arising from the present inadequate compensation, in too many instances, for woman's labor.

After alluding to the engrossing topic of the war, Miss Dickinson said that if women had had their right places in this country since its foundation; if justice had prevailed and they had had their share in government; if in place of scoundrels at the South and doughfaces at the North, honest, straightforward women had been at the head of affairs, there would have been no war. The nation was one great house, and it would not have taken a woman or housekeeper two years to discover that a person was incompetent, and to discharge him, or in the harbor of Boston to send out two thousand men in a ship so filthy that it would have to come back. If women who sit to day in desolate homes, with aching hearts, looking with sad eyes for those who shall never come again, had had the right to go to the polls and vote while this terrible war goes on, when they knew its aim, they would not have denounced and repudiated its prosecution in almost every Northern State.

The Declaration says certain things are self-evident—"mankind are created equal—governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed." A certain bill of rights says authority cannot on any pretense be exercised over the citizens of this State but such as is or shall be derived from, or granted by the people of this State, and that taxation and representation are inseparable. We women, after having been taxed in part to support the government in all its branches, have no part in its operations or administration. We cannot vote or hold office. This thing applied to men would be an exact definition of political slavery; applied to women, it scarcely creates a passing thought. The only reason ever given is the unsatisfactory one that I am a woman.

It is a common saying that women have sufficient influence at home; but if they talk about politics, the answer from the husband is, "Attend to your business; I should like to know what you know about politics."

Some of the laws on the statute books against women are a disgrace to manhood, and an outrage on the dignity of woman. It is said to go to the polls would destroy womanly delicacy; their mission is to bless. But who? Some man; and in return she is to have the praise awarded by the lion, "How many most admirable bits would I lose were it not for thee, most excellent jackall." If the polls are such places that you are ashamed to allow your mother, wife, or sister to be there, it is time she was there. How can men understand the wants, the needs and wishes of women? If women are different from men, men cannot understand them, and they should be left to legislate for themselves; if they are the same as men, they have the same rights and privileges. It was said that women could not reason, but she defied them to find a woman in Boston who didn't know what law meant better than Jefferson Davis. It is said that women are satisfied with their condition, whole nations have willingly submitted to despotism, wrong and crime because the good to be gained was a great way off, and the danger very near. Cultivated, refined women, coarse and rude women, often say they have all the rights they want; but they will admit that they have been wronged, and deprived of rights they covet which are granted to men, without power to defend themselves. Let those who have homes of luxury ask themselves if they have no thought for the drunkard's wife—for the women that go swinging up and down the street, looking into their happy homes with despairing eyes and broken hearts, whispering, "I wish that I were a child again." To the argument that women were inferior to men physically, the speaker asked if rights were measured by muscle. Whatever reasons were given for woman's position, they resolved themselves into the one idea of woman's mental inferiority. God Almighty made them so to match some of the men. If a woman cannot understand law, by what right is she brought before the court for breaking the law?

To the argument that women are not to go out of the sphere that God ordained, she replied no one wished it, for it was impossible. What power was put into their hands would leave them just where God placed them.

It was said that women were not educated. She replied—educate them, then. If they were not educated, it was not woman's fault. When men have made dwarfs of women, mentally and physically, they say, "Look at God's handiwork." The lecturer described the different systems of education for the sexes, the different studies pursued, and said that the education of woman left off when that of the man was just begun. There was an object before a man for which he could strive, but none for woman. If the ground is not covered with wheat it will be with tares. No professions are open to women as to men. The women marry not for love, but two-thirds of them because they are taught that as being their only aim—to get homes and somebody to look after them.

What do you expect to be the result when women are shut out of every sphere in life? Where you find an unmarried man who works for a living, you find an unmarried woman. The man can go from one branch of business to another or carve out a new way for himself, and if he succeeds the world is ready to applaud; but there is hardly any place where the unmarried woman can go. Every position which she can fill there are hundreds of applicants for. In New York city forty thousand girls work fifteen hours a day to earn from twelve to thirty cents.

The speaker knew girls in her own city who are making army shirts and drawers for two cents apiece, and pants and coats at from seven to twenty cents each. They are paid 37½ cents for making sack coats, which would take two days of ten hours each to make. In some cases girls have to work their eighteen hours a day, eating as they worked, and almost going without sleeping. Another reason why the prices are kept down is that the wealthy will not pay a living price for the articles.

Miss Dickinson spoke at considerble length of the degradation to which these starvation prices reduced the sewing girls. She said that in the city of New York to-night, 8,750 women walk the streets, with their womanhood trampled under foot, and their purity blackened. She appealed with great power to her hearers not to leave that subject, or to sneer at it or throw it aside, but to take it home and think of it, and act upon it as it deserved.

SOULS MISPLACED.—Mrs. Kirkland, writing of those men and women who seem to have got each other's attributes—the men having the softness of woman, the women the roughness of man, said: "In these cases the natural body has only to be laid aside by its decease for the spirit to assert its latent sexuality; so that many a woman who has gone to sleep on this side of Jordan in short gown and petticoat will wake up by mere spiritual gravitation on the other side in corduroys and top boots; and many a man who has lain down in coat and pantaloons will in like manner come to his true self-consciousness in petticoat and curl papers!"

SONGS OF THE PORT ROYAL "CONTRABANDS."

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

WE have received No. 1 of "Songs of the Freedmen of Port Royal, collected and arranged by Miss Lucy McKim," with the following interesting letter, which speaks for itself. We trust we violate no confidence in printing it. The melody has a simple and touching pathos, a flavor of individuality which makes one desire to know more of these things; and we trust that "Poor Rosy" will be followed by other specimens as genuine:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1st, 1862.

MR. DWIGHT—*Sir:* In a recent number of your journal there appeared an article relating to the music of the slaves of Port Royal, taken from an address delivered by my father before the members and friends of the Port Royal Freedmen's Association of this city. The extract included the words of one of their songs, beginning "Poor Rosy, poor gal!"

My chief object in writing to you is to say that having accompanied my father on his tour to Port Royal, and being much struck with the songs of its people, I reduced a number of them to paper; among them, the ballad referred to. I send you herewith a copy of it, hoping it may interest you. Whether to have the others printed, is as yet a question with me.

It is difficult to express the entire character of these negro ballads by mere musical notes and signs. The odd turns made in the throat, and that curious rhythmic effect produced by single voices chiming in at different irregular intervals, seem almost as impossible to place on score as the singing of birds, or the tones of an Æolian harp. The airs, however, can be reached. They are too decided not to be easily understood, and their striking originality would catch the ear of any musician. Besides this, they are valuable as an expression of the character and life of the race which is playing such a conspicuous part in our history. The wild, sad strains tell, as the sufferers themselves never could, of crushed hopes, keen sorrow, and a dull daily misery which covered them as hopelessly as the fog from the rice-swamps. On the other hand, the words breathe a trusting faith in rest in the future—in "Canaan's fair and happy land," to which their eyes seemed constantly turned.

A complaint might be made against these songs on the score of monotony. It is true there is a great deal of repetition of the music, but that is to accommodate the *leader;* who, if he be a good one, is always an improvisator. For instance, on one occasion, the name of each of our party who was present was dexterously introduced.

As the same songs are sung at every sort of work, of course the *tempo* is not always alike. On the water, the oars dip "Poor Rosy" to an even andante; a stout boy and girl at the hominy-mill will make the same "Poor Rosy" fly, to keep up with the whirling stone; and in the evening, after the day's work is done, "Heab'n shall-a be my home" peals up slowly and mournfully from the distant quarters. One woman, a respectable house-servant, who had lost all but one of her twenty-two children, said to me:

"Pshaw! don't har to dese yer chil'en, misee. Dey just rattles it off—dey don't know how for sing it. I likes "Poor Rosy" better dan all de songs, but it can't be sung widout *a full heart an' a troubled sperrit!*"

All the songs make good barcaroles. Whittier "builded better than he knew" when he wrote his "Song of the Negro Boatman." It seemed wonderfully applicable as we were being rowed across Hilton Head harbor among United States gunboats, the Wabash and the Vermont towering on either side. I thought the crew *must* strike up

"And massa tink it day ob doom,
And we ob jubilee."

Perhaps the *grandest* singing we heard was at the Baptist church on St. Helena Island, when a congregation of three hundred men and women joined in a hymn—

"Roll Jordan, Roll Jordan!
Roll, Jordan, Roll!"

It swelled forth like a triumphal anthem. That same hymn was sung by thousands of negroes on the Fourth of July last, when they marched in procession under the Stars and Stripes, cheering them for the first time as the "flag of *our* country." A friend writing from there says that the chorus was indescribably grand—that "the whole woods and world seemed joining in that rolling sound."

There is much more in this new and curious music, of which it is a temptation to write, but I must remember that it can speak for itself better than any one for it. Very respectfully, LUCY MCKIM.

PERSONAL.

GEN. MITCHEL, before he went to Port Royal, had a presentiment that he would not live long. Just as he was leaving Albany, he said to a friend that it was not likely he should see him again, as he felt a strong conviction that he should fall a victim either to the climate or the bullets of the rebels. The conviction proved but too true.

PARKER'S WORKS.—Messrs. Trübner & Co., London, propose to publish the Collected Works of Theodore Parker, including his Theological, Polemical, and Critical Writings, Sermons, Speeches, and Addresses, and Literary Miscellanies. Edited by Frances Power Cobbe. To be completed in twelve volumes octavo, averaging 320 pages, at 5*s*. a volume to subscribers, to be raised to 6*s*. on the day of publication. The first five hundred subscribers to have the volumes supplied at 4*s*. each.

PROF. CAIRNES, author of a powerful work on "The Slave Power," has been lecturing at Dublin on the present American revolution. He holds that the success of the North means, if not immediate emancipation, at least the immediate arrest and ultimate extinction of slavery, while the success of the South means *the establishment of slavery on a broader and firmer basis.* The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Earl Carlisle) was present, and moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He deeply deplored the civil war raging in America, *and endorsed the neutrality of the British government.*

KOSSUTH, who is now in Turin, is suffering the deepest anxiety on account of his wife, who is so seriously ill that she is hardly expected to recover. Within thirteen years, says a correspondent, Kossuth has lost several near relatives, and among them his only daughter; and now while anticipating this crowning calamity, he is extremely straitened in pecuniary matters. His two sons have some employment in a public office in Turin, but the remuneration they receive is too scanty to enable them to render much assistance to the distinguished patriot and their dying mother.

CASSIUS CLAY IN BAD COMPANY.—We trust that Mr. Lincoln will send Cassius to Russia or the South, if only to take him out of bad company. All loyal men must grieve to hear of his introducing Train to the sweepings of the New York dens. The bond between Clay and Train is said to be a common antagonism toward England; but we are sure that if Mr. Clay should test this tie he would find that Train is assaulting all the virtues of England and only those, and that where England has a vice Train is sure to be excepting it from censure and even representing it in himself. It is true that Mr. Clay stood manfully for his side; but it would be well for him to recall the story of Laocoon, who in trying to save others from the coils of the serpent was himself crushed.—*Commonwealth.*

MRS. FREMONT AS AN AUTHORESS.—"The Story of the Guard: A Chronicle of the War," is the title of a volume soon to be issued from the press of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. The writer is Mrs. Jessie Fremont, the well-known wife of the General. Col. Benton's daughter no doubt is a skillful writer, and she will record in her forthcoming book many romantic incidents, and telling home truths appertaining to her husband's much-abused campaign in Missouri. We understand the volume will contain several private domestic letters of great interest from her husband and his soldiers. The profits of the book are to be devoted by Mrs. Fremont to the support of the widows and children of the fallen brave officers who perished in the Springfield fight. Such a book by such a writer will be a welcome volume everywhere.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE LATE ELWOOD FISHER.—A New York paper, in a recent issue, says that Elwood Fisher, who lately died at Augusta, Ga., and who was formerly a well-known resident in this city, was a pro-slavery Quaker. There is not a particle of truth in this statement, as anybody and everybody who knew him here can testify. That he might have been born of Quaker parents is probable; but that he made any pretensions towards carrying out any of the principles of that people, is a mistake. His dress was particularly of the flashy type, with a Byron collar of formidable width. His associations were low, and gambling quite a habit with him. This explanation is due to the respected Society so unceremoniously libelled.—*Washington Correspondent Phila. Inquirer.*

WEDNESDAY night, Nov. 5, Rev. M. D. Conway lectured before the Fraternity, upon "The Two Capitals," Washington and Richmond, as the two types or representatives of the two states of society or civilization now at war. It is pretty difficult to say anything new, and almost as much so to say any old thing in a new manner upon this subject. But Mr. Conway's performance bristled with characteristic points, and contained many decided hits. At its close, Rev. H. W. Beecher, who occupied a seat on the platform, was called out by the audience, and made a few pointed and telling remarks concerning the recent elections, and the general subject of absorbing interest. When he finished, Hon. Henry Wilson was called out, and spoke a few moments with his accustomed good sense and honest simplicity.—*Boston letter in Christian Inquirer.*

THREE GENERATIONS AT THE POLLS.—The Hon. Josiah Quincy, his son and namesake, and his grandson, Major Samuel M. Quincy, went together yesterday to the polls in Ward 4, and deposited their Republican ballots. The Senior Mr. Quincy, who was a candidate for Congress *sixty-two years ago*, and the Major, were on crutches. The former at the age of ninety-one has recovered in a measure from an accident by which his leg was broken; the latter, a fellow-cripple for a short time of his venerable relative, was wounded bravely fighting for the cause equally dear to both. All parties united in giving each of these energetic voters, thus determined to discharge their duty as citizens, heartfelt cheers.—*Boston Transcript, 5th.*

REV. W. H. CHANNING writes from Washington to a friend in Liverpool, under date of Sept. 29th:

"One fact I believe—that the President's proclamation for the first time gives us, as a nation, a distinctly marked policy, and so secures unity of counsel and action, while it sets us right before Christendom, and, what is infinitely more important, places us in the stream of Providence, and atones, so far as it can, for our nation's guilt by a nation's repentance. Thank God, that although late—nearly too late, in my judgment—and although only partially, yet sincerely, as far as he goes, the head of this nation has done right. We may hope and pray and labor for the nation's redemption as never before. The will and mind of the people have been far in advance of the government and the army leaders. But at length, slowly and doubtingly, Administration and army have come to see that the only mode to peace—peace real and permanent—was by the destruction of the Slave Power, through a policy of universal emancipation. I have perfect trust in the rank-and-file of our armies, and almost as strong confidence in many of our officers."

GEFFRARD, The President of Hayti, is known for his clemency. But this clemency is not the careless act of a man with whom everything has gone well. On the contrary, Geffrard's heart has been wrung by the keenest woes that can try a man, all in direct connection with the exercise of his power. His only son, a youth of eighteen, died of exhaustion and fatigue, brought on by his exertions in that blessed and well-nigh bloodless revolution which carried his father to the Presidency. His eldest daughter died in childbirth from anxiety for her father. His youngest daughter became the victim of one of the most dastardly murders recorded in history. Yet nothing of all this has availed to sour or freeze the man's long-suffering generosity. A general officer in attendance upon him resolved to murder him and Geffrard knew of it. Taking with him the would-be assasin, he went to the cemetery, at the gate of which he left two "guides" who had accompanied him, and proceeded to his son's grave. Having reached it, he turned to his companion and said, "I know you carry pistols to shoot me on the first opportunity. Do it here. Let me fall on the grave of my son. Do you hesitate?" he proceeded, after a moment; "take my pistols if your own fail you." The spirit of the assassin was disarmed; he was forgiven and retained his rank.

TRIBUTE TO GOV. ANDREW.—In this *slaveholders' war,* which has bereaved many a family of a father, son, or brother, Nantucket has had a bitter experience; and in connection with this, and with our late election, an incident occurred which is worthy of commendation. A resident of Siasconset lost a beloved son at the battle of Ball's Bluff, under very painful circumstances, of which Gov. Andrew, in his untiring efforts for the soldiers' welfare and protection, became acquainted, and which induced him to write a letter of information and sympathy to the bereaved family. The kindness was not forgotten on the day of election, and the father, after providing a passage with his own horse, for several of his neighbors, that they might vote the Republican ticket, came himself, *on foot*, that he might cast his vote, as he said, "*for the soldier's friend*"—for him who, "in season and out of season," has devoted himself to the cause both of his country and of humanity.

Who would not envy *such a tribute?* It tells a volume in praise of the worthy Chief Magistrate of the glorious old Bay State.—*Nantucket Mirror.*

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.—There is a curious letter from Archbishop Hughes in the newspapers. It does not contain anything important, unless the Archbishop's notions are important. We get them, in extenso. Here is a precious sentence. "When all hopes of this kind (*i. e* of the preservation of peace) had passed away, I was for a vigorous prosecution of our melancholy war, so that one side or the other should find itself in the ascendancy." "Vigorous prosecution of a melancholy war!" I suppose this is the notion the Seymours, and Van Burens and Sewards and McClellans and Buells, have in their heads when they talk about a vigorous prosecution of the war, and are credited with a desire to carry the war on vigorously. I don't believe a war was ever vigorously prosecuted by men who thought it a melancholy one. Sam. Adams on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" Suppose he had said, with averted eyes and downward face, Oh what a melancholy war is this; but now we are in for it, we must prosecute it vigorously until one side or the other prevails. It does not seem to matter much to the Archbishop which side gets the ascendancy, provided there is a stable government and peace. And this faithless and nerveless prelate is sent to Europe by Mr. Seward, to represent the interests of this young fierce democracy there. Fit colleague of Thurlow Weed, who looks upon this national contest as he does upon a Syracuse convention.—*Bost. Cor. Springfield Repub.*

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.—The Boston *Commonwealth* has this paragraph: "On yesterday morning I went to hear Rev. O. B. Frothingham preach. His congregation are his church, I guess; for I can't say much for the hall they worship in. But where the people are living stones, and the preacher eloquent, the finest architecture would seem poor. My opinion is that the best composer of sermons in the United States at present is the young man I heard this morning. Earnest, frank and simple in manner, his discourses seem to me like those of some Jeremy Taylor produced for the nineteenth century. Listening to him yesterday, the greater popularity of other clergymen here seemed to me a satire on the city. His theme was to show that the children of this world were *not* wiser in their generation than the children of light. He proved that the devil was an ass. He showed in great historic instances that the evil thing had always proved a blunder, and made a happy application of his theory to the suicidal policy of slavery in our own country. In speaking of the firing on Sumter, he said, "Why, one might almost have expected that hell would have deposed Satan for that shot!" Further on, he said this electric word: "I do not fear that the archangel will be wanting when the pit is prepared for the fiend." He described the splendors of Louis XVI., and his Court, his luxury which presently ruined itself by turning the screw once too much, and brought on the revolution. He described the condition of the Church of Rome which itself brought on the Reformation. All this was forcible and eloquent, and filled with a religious and noble spirit which magnetized his audience."

LECTURE OF THEODORE D. WELD.—The lecture delivered by Mr. Weld at Music Hall, on Sunday last, was listened to by an intensely interested and highly intelligent audience, which was comparatively a large one in view of the stormy and dismal state of the weather—indicating that, if the day had been pleasant, the spacious hall would have been filled. As we stated last week, Mr. Weld was among the earliest and most eloquent advocates of the cause of those in bondage; but, by the frequent use and electric expenditure of his uncommonly sweet and powerful voice, he finally reduced it to a mere whisper for a long period, and he was compelled to abandon the lecturing field. This was his first attempt to address a large public assembly since 1836! It was made experimentally, under adverse conditions, in a hall of such dimensions as to task the strongest lungs; yet we are happy to say, the speaker made himself easily and clearly heard throughout, and though occupying an hour and twenty minutes, felt no inconvenience from the effort. The subject of the lecture was "The Conspirators—their False Issues and Lying Pretences." We shall not attempt to make any report of it, but only add that it was a masterly refutation of the Calhoun doctrine of State Rights, and an eloquent vindication of the supremacy and sovereignty of the Federal government; closing with a scathing satire of the secession appeal to the Declaration of Independence for justification and defence. We are happy to announce that Mr. Weld has consented to remain in this State for the present; and those who would like to have him lecture in their town or city are requested to correspond on the subject with Samuel May, Jr., 221 Washington street, Boston.—*Liberator, 14th.*

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, this eloquent advocate of Freedom and Progress ascends the public platform, and once more consecrates his masterly powers and lofty sympathies to the advancement of eternal truth. We heard him break the long years of silence at Library Hall, in Orange, N. J., last week, just after the defeat of Wadsworth, and while Democrats were glorifying over their late victories. He opened upon the "Conspirators" with the most searching analysis, and exposed their treachery with the strongest and grandest arguments. His noble powers of intellect were exhibited in tracing principles back to their fountains. Never before did the basis of the "Union" appear more *solid;* never did rebellion seem more hollow and wicked. His constitutional argument was especially adapted to minds well versed in legal and political questions. The greater the scholar in these practical relations of the world, the greater would appear this first discourse of the glorious Theodore. After a few lectures he will open his heart to new inspirations, and his audiences will then listen in rapt delight, while they follow him gladly into the green fields of Thought and Reform.

We congratulate the world on the reappearance of this great, good, far-seeing, deep-hearted apostle of human progress. Let the friends of humanity everywhere welcome and sustain Theodore D. Weld.—*Herald of Progress.*

GARIBALDI.—A private letter from Italy, published in the English papers, says: "After the letter I sent you the other day I feel you will be anxious for further news of the poor General, and I have collected every scrap of news I can about him, in the hope of arriving tolerably near the truth, and I regret to say that all the reports which can be relied on agree in representing him as very ill, suffering much pain, and being very much depressed, both mentally and physically, and quite bent on his scheme of going to America, with all his followers and sons, and fighting in the cause of liberty. I fear it is but too likely he may never leave Varignano. After all I have heard, I despair myself of his recovery. He is evidently very weak and low, and they seem to allow him to get worse by not prescribing wine and the stimulants which I feel convinced in England would be recommended in such a case. He never does drink wine, I am told, when in health, and will not touch it now." Another writer says: "Garibaldi is like enough to die from the effects of an amputation which all the doctors, who a month ago declared it was needless, are now inclining to think is necessary. Nearly everybody who was then sure that the ball was not in, are now agreed that it is in. Immediate amputation had saved the hero. Now, weakened by a month of suffering, it is sadly doubtful whether his constitution could resist the shock of amputation. In any case, do not look for him in America. And in any case, look for him in Italy. The heroism will not die with the hero, nor his immortal name and persistent purpose. No great man ever dies. Luther and Cromwell still fight. John Brown, I sometimes think, is really the *major* general of our cause."

The friends of Garibaldi will be shocked to learn that his life is in very serious danger; and they will be equally surprised to hear that if he dies, he will be not less the victim of bad surgery than of heartless politics.

In the desultory and unfortunate firing that occurred when the Great Liberator was taken prisoner, it will be remembered, he was shot in the foot—the wound being upon the instep. It was exceedingly painful from the start, and the sufferer was at once removed with great care to Varignano, where he was supplied with four medical attendants. The excitement and sympathy of friends in England led to the visit of Dr. Partridge, of London, to the sufferer. He found the four surgeons in attendance equally divided in opinion as to whether the ball remained in the wounded limb. Dr. Partridge decided that it did not (for this visit and the opinions given in the case, Dr. Partridge charged and was paid $3,500). New evidence, however, has reversed the decision; and the news now is that Garibaldi must lose his limb—"the only question being as to the moment and mode of amputation." Dr. Nelaton, one of the most eminent of French surgeons, has offered his services as operator, and Garibaldi has accepted them. The protracted and painful sufferings of the illustrious patriot have shattered his system and left him but a feeble constitution to resist the shock to which he is to be subjected. He has been removed to Spezzia, and a few days more will determine the fate of him who, more than any living man, sways the hearts of men. It would be the tragedy of modern ages if the immortal hero who created the Kingdom of Italy should be the victim of Italy's King.—*N. Y. Times.*

At a consultation at Spezzia touching the wound of Garibaldi, seventeen surgeons were present. An examination of the wound was made with the finger and probe, which caused much suffering to the patient, who bore it resolutely. The surgeons found it impossible to find the ball, but came to the opinion that it was still in the wound. A repetition of the examination will be requisite to establish the position of the projectile; and to allow of its extraction, if possible, without serious injury. The general state of Garibaldi's health is satisfactory, and it is believed that no important surgical operation will be required.

NEW BOOKS.—Ticknor and Fields announce, for the 23d, Theodore Winthrop's book, entitled "The Canoe and the Saddle; Adventures in Northwestern Rivers and Forests." As Winthrop never wrote a dull line, we may safely praise this book without seeing it. I wish Bayard Taylor's new book, "The Poet's Journal," could be as safely endorsed in advance. It is a history of Taylor's domestic life, in verse, and consists of "a series of poems addressed to his present wife." On December 3d, will appear, in two volumes, Rev. C. T. Brooks's translation of Jean Paul's great romance, "Titan," the first English translation of a work on which the author was engaged ten years. Adelaide Procter's Poems, in blue and gold, will appear the same day. December 10th, Mrs. Fremont's book, entitled "The Story of the Guard; a Chronicle of the War." This book will sell, of course. Rev. Dr. Adams has written a book entitled "Broadcast," and from a description of it, I judge that the Rev. Dr. has at last turned his attention to religious subjects. One or two books by the author of "The Patience of Hope" are to appear soon; and a new volume by the "Country Parson." New editions of Longfellow and Tennyson, to be followed, probably, by Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Saxe and others, will soon appear. This series is to be styled the cabinet edition, and to have some peculiar beauties and advantages. Jane Austin's novels, and Mrs. Botta's hand book of Universal Literature are also forthcoming.—*Bost. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Walker, Wise & Co. have in press an admirable juvenile work, from the pen of Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, entitled, "Stories from the Lips of the Teacher, retold by a Disciple." The same firm have also in press a translation by Mary L. Booth, the translator of De Gasparin's words, of Cochin's work on Emancipation. Cochin, once Mayor of Paris, has devoted his life to the study of this great theme of the century.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Advertisements.

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